Engraved by Collyer from an Original by Hamilton at Florence.

London Printed for John Bell, British Library Strand, Dec.r 15th 1789.

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THE

BRITISH ALBUM.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Oft from her careless hand the Wand'ring Muse
Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form
A living wreath to deck the brows of Time. ANON.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY
JOHN BELL, British Library, STRAND,
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43.
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170.

THE

BRITISH ALBUM.

CONTAINING THE

POEMS

OF

DELLA CRUSCA, ANNA MATILDA,

ARLEY, BENEDICT, THE BARD, &c. &c. &c.

Which were originally published under the Title of the

POETRY OF THE WORLD.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS.

SECOND EDITION.

ALSO,

A POEM, NEVER BEFORE PRINTED,

CALLED

THE INTERVIEW,

BY DELLA CRUSCA.

AND OTHER CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. BELL, OF THE BRITISH LIBRARY, STRAND.

1790.

TO

RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, ESQ.

SIR,

As these Poems were originally inscribed, by permission, with your name, I beg leave to offer them to you again in a more complete, finished, and correct state.

By so doing, I not only gratify the private sentiments of respect, which I feel for your character and talents, but I render justice also to the superior excellence of the Poetry itself; for those Productions will necessarily be allowed to possess intrinsic merit, and to deserve their fame, which have received the sanction of the best Critic, the first Scholar, and the most admired Genius of the Age.

I have the honour to be,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

THE EDITOR.

Dec. 20, 1789.

PREFACE.

THE reputation of the following POEMS *is so well established, that it would be useless to say more of them at present, than what may be necessary to gratify future curiosity. It is therefore sufficient to observe, that through the medium of a* DAILY PRINT, *they were first presented to the Public, and obtained that general notice, to which they are so eminently, and so justly entitled.*

It ought, however, to be recorded, of the celebrated Correspondence between DELLA CRUSCA *and* ANNA MATILDA, *that* its genuine enthusiasm *arose entirely from poetical Sympathy; for till chance,* of late, *procured them an interview, they were totally unacquainted with each other, and reciprocally unknown.*

THE

ADIEU AND RECALL

TO

LOVE.

Go, idle Boy! I quit thy pow'r;
Thy couch of many a thorn, and flow'r;
Thy twanging bow, thine arrow keen,
Deceitful Beauty's timid mien;
The feign'd surprize, the roguish leer,
The tender smile, the thrilling tear,
Have now no pangs, no joys for me,
So fare thee well, for I am free!
Then flutter hence on wanton wing,
Or lave thee in yon lucid spring,
Or take thy bev'rage from the rose,
Or on *Louisa*'s breast repose:
I wish thee well for pleasures past,
Yet bless the hour, I'm free at last.

But sure, methinks, the alter'd day
Scatters around a mournful ray;
And chilling ev'ry zephyr blows,
And ev'ry stream untuneful flows;

No rapture swells the linnet's voice,
No more the vocal groves rejoice;
And e'en thy song, *sweet Bird of Eve!*
With whom I lov'd so oft to grieve,
Now scarce regarded meets my ear,
Unanswer'd by a sigh or tear.
No more with devious step I choose
To brush the mountain's morning dews;
"To drink the spirit of the breeze,"
Or wander midst o'er-arching trees;
Or woo with undisturb'd delight,
The pale-cheek'd Virgin of the Night,
That piercing thro' the leafy bow'r,
Throws on the ground a silv'ry show'r.
Alas! is all this boasted ease,
To lose each warm desire to please,
No sweet solicitude to know
For others bliss, for others woe,
A frozen apathy to find,
A sad vacuity of mind?
O hasten back, then, heav'nly Boy,
And with thine anguish bring thy joy!
Return with all thy torments here,
And let me hope, and doubt, and fear.
O rend my heart with ev'ry pain!
But let me, let me love again.

DELLA CRUSC

THE WORLD,
June 29, 1787.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE PEN.

O! SEIZE again thy golden quill,
And with its point my bosom thrill;
With magic touch explore my heart,
And bid the tear of passion start.
Thy golden quill APOLLO gave——
Drench'd first in bright Aonia's wave:
He snatch'd it flutt'ring thro' the sky,
Borne on the vapour of a sigh;
It fell from *Cupid*'s burnish'd wing
As forcefully he drew the string;
Which sent his keenest, surest dart
Thro' a rebellious frozen heart;
That had till then defy'd his pow'r,
And vacant beat thro' each dull hour.

Be worthy then the sacred loan!
Seated on Fancy's air-built throne;
Immerse it in her rainbow hues,
Nor, what the Godheads bid, refuse.

APOLLO, CUPID, shall inspire,
And aid thee with their blended fire.
The *one*, poetic language give,
The *other* bid thy passion live;
With soft ideas fill thy lays,
And crown with LOVE thy wintry days!

ANNA MATILDA

THE WORLD,
July 10, 1787.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

I KNOW thee well, enchanting Maid
I've mark'd thee in the silent glade,
I've seen thee on the mountain's height,
I've met thee in the storms of night;
I've view'd thee on the wild beach run
To gaze upon the setting sun;
Then stop aghast, his ray no more,
To hear th' impetuous surge's roar.
Hast thou not stood with rapt'rous eye
To trace the starry worlds on high,
T' observe the moon's weak crescent throw
O'er hills, and woods, a glimm'ring glow:
Or, all beside some wizard stream,
To watch its undulating beam?

O well thy form divine I know—
When youthful errors brought me woe;
When all was dreary to behold,
And many a bosom-friend grew cold;

Thou, thou unlike the summer crew
That from my adverse fortune flew,
Cam'st with melodious voice, to cheer
My throbbing heart, and check the tear.
From thee I learnt, 'twas vain to scan
The low ingratitude of Man;
Thou bad'st me Fancy's wilds to rove,
And seek th' ecstatic bow'r of Love.
When on his couch I threw me down,
I saw thee weave a myrtle crown,
And blend it with the shining hair
Of *her*, the Fairest of the Fair.
For this, may ev'ry wand'ring gale
The essence of the rose exhale,
And pour the fragrance on thy breast,
And gently fan thy charms to rest.
Soon as the purple slumbers fly
The op'ning radiance of thine eye,
Strike, strike again the magic lyre,
With all thy pathos, all thy fire;
With all that sweetly-warbled grace,
Which proves thee of celestial race.
O then, in varying colours drest,
And living glory stand confest,
Shake from thy locks ambrosial dew,
And thrill each pulse of joy a-new;
With glowing ardours rouse my soul,
And bid the tides of Passion roll.

But think no longer in disguise,
To screen thy beauty from mine eyes;
Nor deign a borrow'd name to use,
For well I know——thou art *the* MUSE!

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,
July 31, 1787.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

THOU bidst!—"*my purple slumbers fly!*"
Day's radiance pours upon my eye.
I wake—I live! the sense o'erpays
The trivial griefs of early days.
What! tho' the rose-bud on my cheek
Has shed its leaves, which late so sleek,
Spoke youth, and joy—and careless thought,
By guilt, or fear, or shame un-smote:
My *blooming soul* is yet in youth,
Its lively sense attests the truth.

O! I can wander yet, and taste
The beauties of the flow'ry waste;
The nightingale's deep swell can feel,
Whilst from my lids the soft drops steal;
Rapt! gaze upon the gem-deck'd night,
And mark the clear moon's silent flight;
Whilst the slow river's crumpled wave
Repeats the quiv'ring beams she gave.

Not yet, the pencil strives in vain,
To wake upon the canvas plain,
All the strong passions of the mind,
Or hint the sentiment refin'd;
To its sweet magic yet I bow,
As when Youth deck'd my polish'd brow.
The chisel's feath'ry touch to trace,
Thro' the nerv'd form, or soften'd grace,
Is lent me still. Still I admire,
And kindle at the Poet's fire—
My torch, at *Della Crusca*'s light,
And distant follow his superior flight.

O Time! since these are left me still,
Of *lesser thefts* e'en take thy fill:
Yes, steal the lustre from my eye,
And bid the soft Carnation fly;
My tresses sprinkle with thy snow,
Which boasted once the *auburn glow*;
Warp the slim form that was ador'd
By him, so lov'd, my *bosom*'s LORD——
But leave me, when all these you steal,
The mind to *taste*, the nerve to *feel!*

Tuesd. Morn. July 31. ANNA MATILDA.

THE WORLD,
Aug. 4, 1787.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

AND art thou then, alas! like me,
OFFSPRING *of frail mortality?*
Must ruthless Time's rude touch efface
Each lovely feature's varying grace?
And must tow'rds earth that form incline,
And e'en those eyes forbear to shine?
Yet, when with icy hand he throws,
Amongst thine *auburn locks*, his snows,
The freezing influence ne'er shall dart,
To chill thy warmly-beating heart;
And scorning Death's oblivious hour,
Thou shalt exult——beyond his pow'r.

Methinks, as Passion drives along,
As frantic grown, I feel thy Song;
Eager I'd traverse LYBIA's plain,
The tawny Lion's dread domain
To meet thee there: nor flagging *Fear*,
Should ever on my cheek appear;
For e'en the Forest's King obeys
Majestic WOMAN'S *potent gaze.*

Or left on some resourceless shore,
Where never ceasing billows roar;
Which teeming clouds, and heavy hail,
And furious hurricanes assail,
Far to the Pole—while half the year,
On Ebon throne sits NIGHT severe;
And to her solitary court,
Sea-fowl, and monsters fierce resort—
E'en *there*, MATILDA! there with thee,
Impending horrors all should flee;
Thy lustre of poetic ray,
Should wake an artificial day.

Sure thou wert never doom'd to know
What pangs from care, and danger flow;
But fairest scenes thy thoughts employ,
And Art, and Science, bring thee joy.
The quick'ning sense, the throb divine,
Fancy, and Feeling, all are thine;
'Tis thine, by blushing Summer led,
A show'r of roses round thee shed,
To hie thee forth at Morn's advance,
In wild excess of rapt'rous trance;
And see the Sun's proud deluge stream,
In copious tides of golden beam;
While faint his *Sister-Orb* on high,
Fades to a vapour of the sky.

When gradual evening comes, to hide,
In sabling shades, CREATION's *pride*;
When heaving hills, and forests drear,
And less'ning towns, but scarce appear;
While the last ling'ring western glow,
Hangs on the lucid lake below;
Then trivial joys (I deem) forgot,
Thou lov'st to seek the humble cot,
To scatter Comfort's balm around,
And heal pale Poverty's deep wound;
Drive Sickness from the languid bed,
Raise the lorn Widow's drooping head;
Render the new-made Mother blest,
And snatch the Infant to thy breast.

O ANNA, then, if true thou say,
Thy radiant beauties steal away,
Yet shall I never fail to find
Eternal beauties in thy mind.
To those I offer up my vows,
And Love, which Virtue's self allows;
Unknown, again thou art ador'd,
As once by him, thy "*bosom's Lord.*"

DELLA CRUSCA

THE WORLD,
Aug. 21, 1787.

ELEGY,

Written after having read

THE

SORROWS OF WERTER.

ALAS, poor *Werter!* to himself a prey,
The heart's excessive workings could not bear;
But sought his native heaven the nearest way,
And fled from grief, from anguish, and despair.

The joys of prejudice he scorn'd to own,
He pity'd pride, and avarice, and pow'r,
But oft on some rude rock at random thrown,
He welcom'd Midnight's melancholy hour.

To view the Moon's pale glimpse illume the wave,
To list the sweeping blasts that sadly blow;
Down the rough steep, to hear the cat'racts rave;
Such were the pleasures of this *Man of* WOE.

An isolated Being here he stood,
His strong sensations with how few could blend!
The wise, the great, the gay, perhaps the good,
They knew him not—they could not comprehend.

CHARLOTTE *alone*, by Nature was design'd
To fill the vacuum of his gen'rous breast;
He lov'd her beauty, he admir'd her mind,
He lost *that* CHARLOTTE—and he sought for rest

Sure he was right, for if th' Almighty hand,
That gave his pulse to throb, his sense to glow,
Gave him not strength his passions to withstand,
Ah! who shall blame him? he was forc'd to go.

For when the heart from ev'ry hope is torn,
When in another's arms the Fair One lies;
While Virtue* goads with unrelenting thorn,
The frantic lover bears it not—but dies.

And since there are, amid this wond'rous world,
Some of a class distinct, of ardent mind,
Thro' Woe's wild waves, by keen emotions hurl'd
As the toss'd barks before the boist'rous wind;

Th' Eternal Pow'r, to whom all thoughts arise,
Who ev'ry secret sentiment can view,
Melts at their flowing tears, their swelling sighs,
Then gives them force to bid the world adieu.

DELLA CRUSC

* By preventing any immoral gratification.

ODE

TO

FOLLY.

LET others court Ambition's smile,
  Or pant for Glory's laurel-wreath,
With Love's deceitful hopes beguile,
  Each pensive hour the groves beneath:
For you alone my bosom swells,
O *Folly!* with your Cap and Bells.

Yet those who feel Ambition's fire,
  Or Glory's throb, or Love severe,
'Tis you, O *Folly!* you inspire,
  Unnotic'd, but for ever near,
The laurels and the myrtles twine,
To ornament your tinsel shrine.

When first the dawn of life began,
  Your smiles my feeble childhood blest;
A vot'ry still, or child, or man,
  I feel your pow'r within my breast.

Come, laughing *Folly*, come away,
And let us roar, and dance, and play!

For you can charm the fleeting hour,
Can bid the wild desires subside,
And banish, by your opiate pow'r,
The wrongs of Avarice and Pride;
Which else would wound with deepest smart,
And rouse to rage th' afflicted heart.

I love to see you gravely lead
Majestic Dullness to your shrine;
Or Bigotry with senseless creed,
Taking your Orders for Divine;
Or hear the specious Man of Law,
Your plausible conclusions draw.

To *Britain*'s Senate when you come,
To stimulate your fav'rite race,
And strike the loud bombastic drum
Of Patriots *in*, or *out* of Place;
For you more warm my bosom swells,
I bless you with your Cap and Bells.

But not to *England* is confin'd
Your sway, dear Mistress of my heart!
Your chains the serious *Spaniard* bind,
And *France* is wounded by your dart.

She smiling views the wound, and tells
Of *Folly*, with her Cap and Bells.

You led fierce CRILLON to the Rock,
And enter'd into *Arçon*'s brain,
To make his floating batt'ries shock
Brave ELIOTT's Tow'r, and fire the main:
You bade the forty thousand men
To march—and to march back again.

The sight was dreadful to behold,
A fleet, an army, join'd in fight,
With Princes Royal, Gen'rals bold,
And troops that scorn'd the thoughts of flight;
Yet *Calpe*'s Soldier laughing tells,
Of *Folly*, with her Cap and Bells.

O hither come with serious air,
With steady pace, and leaden eyes,
The solemn-woven tale declare,
That Spleen's severest frown defies;
And prove this globe was cover'd o'er,
With red-hot crust, in days of yore.

Bid many a circumstance combine,
To make us comprehend the whole,
And what now grows beneath the Line,
Find petrified beneath the Pole.

Then strive the contr'ry to implant,
And wave your wand and we shall grant;

With clear discussion plainly show,
That all this worldly symmetry,
Was hid in water long ago,
And sprang like *Venus* from the sea.
While on the inland mountain's height,
Sea-shells confirm th' opinion right.

So shall I love you, ever-changing!
And what is most ador'd to-day,
From system still to system ranging,
To-morrow shall be thrown away,
And in the never-settled round,
A glorious vacancy be found.

In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
Your num'rous Altars have been rear'd,
Where oft have bow'd the Sons of Rhyme,
And suppliant Kings have oft appear'd.
Then still for you my bosom swells,
O *Folly*, with your Cap and Bells!

DELLA CRUS

THE WORLD,
Sept. 27, 1787.

From the

RUSSIAN.

If life be doubtful as a dream,
Amidst th' impenetrable gloom,
Let Fancy dart her vivid ray;
Enough of ev'ry mournful theme!
Tho' sad appear the mortal doom,
Ah! steal a moment to be gay.

When clust'ring clouds deform the sky,
And Silence feels th' embrace of Night,
When not a glimm'ring star is seen,
If chance the silv'ry lightnings fly,
Entranc'd we catch the prospect bright
Of towns, and streams, and forests green.

Lament no more, for naught can change
Our lot, by Heaven's high will assign'd,
But smile—for grief cannot endure,
This active thought that loves to range,
To-morrow shall be unconfin'd,
And dwell in endless bliss secure.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD, *Oct.* 23, 1787.

ELEGY,

Written on the

PLAIN OF FONTENOY.

CHILL blows the blast, and Twilight's dewy hand
Draws in the West her dusky veil away;
A deeper shadow steals along the land,
And NATURE muses at the DEATH of DAY!

Near this bleak Waste no friendly mansion rears
Its walls, where Mirth, and social joys resound,
But each dim object melts the soul to tears,
While Horror treads the scatter'd bones around.

As thus, alone and comfortless I roam,
Wet with the drizling show'r; I sigh sincere,
I cast a fond look tow'rds my native home,
And think what valiant BRITONS perish'd here.

Yes, the time was, nor very far the date,
When carnage here her crimson toil began;
When Nations' Standards wav'd in threat'ning state,
And Man the murd'rer met the murd'rer Man.

For WAR is MURDER, tho' the voice of Kings
Has styl'd it Justice, styl'd it Glory too!
Yet from worst motives, fierce Ambition springs,
And there, fix'd Prejudice is all we view!

But sure, 'tis Heaven's immutable decree,
For thousands ev'ry age in fight to fall;
Some NAT'RAL CAUSE prevails, we cannot see,
And that is FATE, which we *Ambition* call.

O let th' aspiring Warrior think with grief,
That as produc'd by CHYMIC art refin'd;—
So glitt'ring CONQUEST, from the *laurel-leaf*
Extracts a GEN'RAL POISON for Mankind.

Here let him wander at the midnight hour,
These morbid rains, these gelid gales to meet;
And mourn like me, the ravages of Pow'r!
And feel like me, that Vict'ry is defeat!

Nor deem, ye vain! that e'er I mean to swell
My feeble Verse with many a sounding Name;
Of such, the mercenary Bard may tell,
And call such dreary desolation, Fame.

The genuine Muse removes the thin disguise,
That cheats the World, whene'er she deigns to sing;
And full as meritorious to her eyes
Seems the Poor Soldier, as the Mighty King!

Alike I shun in labour'd strain to show,
How BRITAIN more than triumph'd, tho' she fled,
Where *LOUIS* stood, where stalk'd the column slow;
I turn from these, and DWELL UPON THE DEAD.

Yet much my beating breast respects the brave;
Too well I love them, not to mourn their fate,
Why should they seek for greatness in the Grave?
Their hearts are noble—and in life they're great.

Nor think 'tis but in War the Brave excell,—
TO VALOUR EV'RY VIRTUE IS ALLIED!
Here faithful Friendship 'mid the Battle fell,
And Love, true Love, in bitter anguish died.

Alas! the solemn slaughter I retrace,
That checks life's current circling thro' my veins;
Bath'd in moist sorrow, many a beauteous face;
And gave a grief, perhaps, that still remains.

I can no more—an agony too keen
Absorbs my senses, and my mind subdues,
Hard were that heart which here could beat serene,
Or the just tribute of a pang refuse.

But lo! thro' yonder op'ning clouds afar
Shoots the bright planet's sanguinary ray
That bears thy name, FICTITIOUS LORD OF WAR!
And with red lustre guides my lonely way.

Then FONTENOY, farewell! Yet much I fear,
(Wherever chance my course compels) to find
Discord and blood—the thrilling sounds I hear,
"The noise of battle hurtles in the wind."

From barb'rous *Turkey* to *Britannia*'s shore,
Opposing int'rests into rage increase;
Destruction rears her sceptre, tumults roar,
Ah! where shall hapless man repose in peace!

DELLA CRUSCA.

Oct. 15, 1787.

THE WORLD,
Nov. 16, 1787.

STANZAS

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

[Received forty hours after the publication of the preceding Elegy.]

HUSH'D, be each ruder note!—Soft silence spread,
With ermine hand, thy cobweb robe around;
Attention! pillow my reclining head,
Whilst eagerly I catch the golden sound.

Ha! What a tone was that, which floating near,
Seem'd Harmony's full soul—*whose* is the lyre?
Which seizing thus on my enraptur'd ear,
Chills with its force, yet melts me with its fire.

Ah dull of heart! thy Minstrel's touch not know,
What Bard but DELLA CRUSCA boasts such skill?
From him alone, those melting notes can flow—
He, only knows adroitly thus to trill.

Well have I left the Groves, which sighing wave
Amidst November's blast their naked arms,
Whilst their red leaves fall flutt'ring to their grave,
And give again to dust May's vernal charms.

Well have I left the air-embosom'd hills,
Where sprightly Health in verdant buskin plays;
Forsaken fallow meads, and circling mills, [strays.
And thyme-dress'd heaths, where the soft flock yet

Obscuring smoak, and air impure I greet,
With the coarse din that Trade and Folly form,
For here the Muse's Son again I meet—
I catch *his* notes amidst the vulgar storm.

His notes now bear me, pensive, to the Plain,
Cloath'd by a verdure drawn from Britain's heart;
Whose heroes bled superior to their pain,
Sunk, crown'd with glory, and contemn'd the smart.

Soft, as he leads me round th' ensanguin'd fields,
The laurel'd shades forsake their grassy tomb,
The bursting sod its palid inmate yields,
And o'er th' immortal waste their spirits roam.

Obedient to the Muse the acts revive
Which Time long past had veil'd from mortal ken,
Embattled squadrons rush, as when alive,
And shadowy falchions gleam o'er shadowy men.

Ah, who art thou, who thus with frantic air
  Fly'st fearless to support that bleeding youth;
Binds his deep gashes with thy glowing hair,
  And diest beside him, to attest thy truth?

"His Sister I; an orphan'd pair, we griev'd,
  "For Parents long at rest within the grave,
"By a false Guardian of our wealth bereav'd——
  "The little ALL parental care could save.

"Chill look'd the world, and chilly grew our hearts,
  "Oh! where shall Poverty expect a smile?
"Gross lawless Love assumed its ready arts,
  "And all beset was I, with Fraud and Guile.

"My Henry sought the war, and drop'd the tears
  "Of love fraternal as he bade farewell;
"But fear, soon made me rise *above* my fears,
  "I follow'd—and Fate tolls our mutual knell."

Chaste Maiden rest; and brighter spring the green,
  That decorates the turf thy bloom will feed!
And oh, in softest mercy 'twas I ween,
  To worth like thine, a Brother's grave's decreed.

The dreadful shriek of Death now darts around,
  The hollow winds repeat each tortur'd sigh,
Deep bitter groans, still deeper groans resound,
  Whilst Fathers, Brothers, Lovers, Husbands die.

Turn from this spot, blest Bard! thy mental eye;
To hamlets, cities, empires bend its beam!
'Twill there such multiplying deaths descry,
That all before thee'll but an abstract seem.

Why waste thy tears o'er this contracted Plain?
The sky which canopies the sons of breath,
Sees the whole Earth one scene of mortal pain,
The vast, the universal BED OF DEATH!

Where, do not Husbands, Fathers, dying moan?
Where, do not Mothers, Sisters, Orphans weep?
Where, is not heard the last expiring groan,
Or the deep throttle of the deathful Sleep!

If, as Philosophy doth often muse,
A state of war, is natural state to man,
BATTLE's the sickness bravery would choose—
Noblest DISEASE in Nature's various plan!

Let vulgar souls stoop to the fever's rage,
Or slow, beneath pale atrophy depart,
With Gout and Scrophula *weak* variance wage,
Or sink, with sorrow cank'ring at the heart;

These, be to common Minds, th' unwish'd decree!
The FIRM select an illness more sublime;
By languid pains, scorn their high souls to free,
But seek the Sword's swift edge, and spurn
Time.

ANNA MATILDA

Sat. Nov. 17th.

THE WORLD,
Nov. 23, 1787.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

ON the sea-shore with folded arms I stood,
The Sun just sinking shot a level ray,
Luxuriant crimson glow'd upon the flood,
And the curl'd surf was ting'd with golden spray.

Far off I faintly track'd the feath'ry sail;
When thy sweet numbers caught my yielded ear,
Borne on the bosom of the flutt'ring gale,
They struck my heart—and rous'd me to a tear.

Yet flow'd no bitter anguish from mine eye,
A while remembrance left my wayward state;
And the soft cadence of thy warbled sigh,
Pour'd healing balm into the wounds of Fate.

What tho' grim Winter's desolating frown,
The wild waves uproar when rough *Eurus* blows,
The tangled forest, and the desart down,
Be all the solace DELLA CRUSCA knows:

Yet from MATILDA's pure celestial fire,
One ruby spark shall to his gloom be given,
Lur'd by its light, his fancy may aspire,
And catch a ray of bliss—a glimpse of Heaven.

Vain in the morn of life, and thoughtless too,
He rush'd impetuous as strong passion drove,
But soon each flatt'ring prospect fled his view,
Deceiv'd by Friendship much, but more by Love.

Yes, he has lov'd to Transport's dire excess,
Has felt the potent eye inflict the wound;
Has felt the female voice each pulse oppress,
And grown a breathless statue at the sound.

But why recall the moments that are fled?
For ever fled, like yonder sweeping blast;
With Love, each active principle is dead,
And all, except its sad regret, is past.

Ah! had he met thee in his happier hour,
Ere yet he languish'd in the gripe of Care,
Thy Minstrel then had fondly own'd thy pow'r,
Thy Minstrel then might have escap'd Despair.

O diff'rent lot! for he who daily grieves,
Then with thy beauty blest, and gen'rous mind,
Had not, like sallow Autumn's falling leaves,
Been shrunk, alas! and scatter'd in the wind.

Haply, he had not roam'd for ling'ring years
On many a rugged Alp, and foreign shore;
He ne'er had known the cause of all his tears,
The cherish'd cause, that bids him—hope no more.

He would have led thee with attentive gaze,
Where the brown hamlet's neighb'ring shades retire,
Have hung entranc'd upon thy living lays,
And swept with *feebler* hand a *kindred* lyre.

While the *dear Songstress* had melodious stole
O'er ev'ry sense, and charm'd each nerve to rest,
Thy Bard, in silent ecstacy of soul,
Had strain'd the *dearer Woman* to his breast.

Or had she said, that *War's the worthiest grave*,
He would have felt his proud heart burn the while,
Have dar'd, perhaps, to rush among the brave,
Have gain'd, perhaps, the glory—of a smile.

And 'tis most true, while Time's relentless hand,
With sickly grasp drags *others* to the tomb,
The Soldier scorns to wait the dull command,
But springs impatient to a nobler doom.

Tho' on the plain *he* lies, outstretch'd, and pale,
Without one friend his stedfast eyes to close,
Yet on his honour'd corse shall many a gale,
Waft the moist fragrance of the weeping rose.

O'er that dread spot, the melancholy Moon
  Shall pause a while, a sadder beam to shed,
And starry Night, amidst her awful noon,
  Sprinkle light dews upon his hallow'd head.

There too the solitary Bird shall swell
  With long-drawn melody her plaintive throat,
While distant echo from responsive cell,
  Shall oft with fading force return the note.

Such recompense be Valour's due alone!
  To me, no proffer'd meed must e'er belong,
To me, who trod the vale of life unknown,
  Whose proudest boast was but an idle song.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE WORLD,
Dec. 5, 1787.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

I HATE the tardy Elegiac lay—
Chuse me a measure jocund as the day!
Such days as near the ides of June
Meet the Lark's elab'rate tune,
When his downy fringed breast
Ambitious on a cloud to rest,
He soars aloft; and from his gurgling throat
Darts to the earth the piercing note—
Which softly falling with the dews of morn
(That bless the scented pink, and snowy thorn)
Expands upon the Zephyr's wing, [sing.
And wakes the burnish'd finch, and linnet sweet to

And be thy lines irregular and free,
Poetic chains should fall before such Bards as thee.
Scorn the dull laws that pinch thee round,
Raising about thy verse a mound,
O'er which thy muse, so lofty! dares not bound.
Bid her in verse meand'ring sport;
Her footsteps quick, or long, or short,
Just as her various impulse wills— [chills.
Scorning the frigid square, which her fine fervor

And in thy verse meand'ring wild,
Thou, who art FANCY's *favourite Child*,
May'st sweetly paint the long past hour,
When, the slave of Cupid's power,
Thou couldst the tear of rapture weep,
And feed on Agony, and banish Sleep.

Ha! *didst* thou, favour'd mortal, taste
All that adorns our life's dull waste?
Hast THOU known Love's enchanting pain—
Its hopes, its woes, *and yet complain?*
Thy senses, at a voice, been lost,
Thy madd'ning soul in tumults tost?
Ecstatic wishes fire thy brain—
These, hast thou known, *and yet complain?*
Thou then deserv'st ne'er more to FEEL;—
Thy nerves be rigid, hence, as steel!
Their fine vibrations all destroy'd,
Thy future days a tasteless void!
Ne'er shalt thou know again to sigh,
Or, on a soft idea die;
Ne'er on a *recollection* gasp;
Thy arms, the air-drawn charmer, never grasp.

Vapid Content her poppies round thee strew,
Whilst to the bliss of TASTE thou bidst adieu!
To vulgar *comforts* be thou hence confin'd,
And the shrunk bays be from thy brow untwin'd.

Thy statue torn from Cupid's hallow'd nitch,
But in return thou shalt be dull, and rich;
The Muses hence disown thy rebel lay—
But thou in *Aldermanic* gown, their scorn repay;
Crimson'd, and furr'd, the highest honours dare,
And on thy laurels tread—a PLUMP LORD MAYOR!

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE

TO

PRUDENCE.

WHERE didst thou hide thee, CAUTIOUS POW'R,
When first my vent'rous Youth began?
Thou cam'st not to the festive bow'r,
Nor at the genial board wert found;
And when the liquid grape went round,
Thou never show'dst thy warning face,
The wantonness of mirth to chase,
And tell of short *life's shad'wy span:*
Nor e'er didst prophesy of woe,
To chill my breast's impetuous glow;
But provident, and shrewd, from me afar,
THOU SUNK'ST TO SOBER REST, WITH DAY'S RETIRING STAR!

'Tis true, indeed, I thought with scorn,
Thy miserable maxims quaint,
Were but of sour Suspicion born:

" Let selfish souls," I madly cried,
" Submit to such a coward guide,
" Be't mine to seek the sportive vale,
" With Friends, whose truth can never fail,
" And banish thence each base restraint!"
Dull that I was——I feel it now,
And offer late th' imploring vow:
Too well convinc'd, who dare thy vengeance urge,
Can ne'er, alas! escape an agonizing scourge!

Ah! wilt thou, deign then, to receive
Thy Foe, profess'd for many a year?
And wilt thou teach him, *not to grieve?*
Forget the weakness of past time,
When frantic Passion was his crime;
When to imperious charms a prey,
His Morn of Life stole swift away,
Yet gemm'd by Love's delicious Tear,
That bath'd his Bosom with delight;
Tho' oft upon the *Gales of Night*,
He heard thy whisper'd threat aspire,
How could he heed it then—was not his heart on fire?

But now to gain thy frugal smile,
Each wonted transport I forego,
No more shall Beauty's self beguile,
Altho' her blue Orbs softer stream
Than the clear Moon's enchanting beam;

Tho' her *still varying* charms arise,
As to the hast'ning Trav'ller's eyes,
HELVETIA's summer prospects show:
Or should MEEK WORTH to me repair,
And tell a Tale of deep Despair,
I'd strive to bid each fond emotion sleep,
Yes, I would turn away!—BUT I WOULD TURN TO WEEP!

Then, as with decent step and mien,
I tread the path of fair repute,
Thy Civic hand shall oft be seen,
To freight me with the sordid Ore,
Which most thy Votaries adore.
Then, then shall FLAGGING FANCY die,
Then all my lov'd illusions fly,
Then will I break my rustic Flute:
And, as the marble-hearted crowd,
Be vainly rich, and meanly proud;
Until I fix, *like yonder blighted Thorn*,
That, deck'd WITH GOLDEN BEAMS, NO VERNAL SWEETS ADORN.

DELLA CRUSCA.*

* This Ode of DELLA CRUSCA having been mislaid several months, was printed by mistake in the first Edition with the signature of EDWIN.

ODE

TO

DEATH.

THOU, whose remorseless rage,
Nor vows, nor tears assuage,
TRIUMPHANT DEATH!—to thee I raise
The bursting notes of dauntless praise!——
Methinks on yonder murky cloud
Thou sit'st, in majesty severe!
Thy regal robe a ghastly shroud!
Thy right arm lifts th' insatiate spear!
Such was thy glance, when, erst as from the plain,
Where INDUS rolls his burning sand,
Young AMMON led the victor train,
In glowing lust of fierce command:
As vain he cried with thundering voice,
"*The World is mine, rejoice, rejoice,*
"*The World I've won!*"—Thou gav'st the withering nod,
Thy FIAT smote his heart,—he sunk,—a senseless clod!

"*And art thou great?*"—Mankind replies
With sad assent of mingling sighs!
Sighs, that swell the biting gales
Which sweep o'er LAPLAND's frozen vales!
And the red TROPICS' whirlwind heat
Is with the sad assent replete!
How fierce yon Tyrant's plumy crest!
A blaze of gold illumes his breast,
In pomp of threat'ning pow'r elate,
He madly dares to spurn at Fate!
But—when Night, with shadowy robe,
Hangs upon the darken'd globe,
In his chamber,—sad,—alone,
By starts, he pours the fearful groan!
From flatt'ring crowds retir'd—he bows the knee,
And mutters forth a pray'r—*because* he THINKS OF THEE.

GAYLY smiles the NUPTIAL BOW'R,
Bedeck'd with many an od'rous flow'r;
While the spousal pair advance,
Mixing oft the melting gaze,
In fondest ecstacy of praise.
Ah! short delusive trance!
What tho' the festival be there;—
The rapt Bard's warblings fill the air;—
And joy and harmony combine!
TOUCH BUT THY TALISMAN, and ALL IS THINE!

Th' insensate lovers fix in icy fold,
And on his throbbing lyre, the Minstrel's hand is cold!

'Tis THOU cans't quench the Eagle's sight
That stems the cataract of light!
Forbid the vernal buds to blow—
Bend th' obedient forest low—
And tame the monsters of the main;
Such is thy potent reign!
O'er earth, and air, and sea!
Yet, art thou still DISDAIN'D BY ME.
And, I have reason for my scorn;—
Do I not hate the rising morn;
The garish noon; the eve serene;
The fresh'ning breeze; the sportive green;
The painted pleasures' throng'd resort;
And all the splendors of the court!
And has not SORROW chose to dwell
Within my hot heart's central cell;
And are not Hope's weak visions o'er,
Can Love, or Rapture teach me more?
Then tho' I scorn thy stroke—I call *thee* FRIEND,
For in thy calm embrace, my weary woes shall end.

DELLA CRUSCA.

ELEGY

ON THE

THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER,

M DCC LXXXVII.

YES, I will climb yon rough Rock's giddy height,
That o'er the Ocean bends his brow severe;—
And as I muse on TIME'S NEGLECTED FLIGHT,
Wait the last sunshine of the parting Year!

Why do the winds so sadly seem to rave?
Why broods such solemn horror o'er the deep?
It is, that FANCY points the yawning grave;——
And sick'ning, shudders at the pond'rous sleep!

For O! since LAST DECEMBER'S hoary head
Bow'd to Oblivion's wave, and sunk beneath,
From this strange World what flutt'ring crowds are fled
To throng the caverns of relentless Death!

And every transitory shade is lost,
That in its course was fondly call'd "TO-DAY!"
Spring's sweets are gone! and Summer's flow'ry boast!
And Autumn's purple honours pass'd away!

And now, tho' WINTER, in rude mantle drest,
Extends his icy sceptre o'er the plain!
Soon shall he sink on APRIL's dewy breast!
And laughing MAY shall re-assume her reign!

But MAN, when once his bright day's flush is o'er,
And Youth's too fleeting pleasures take their wing,
Must on Life's scene re-vegetate no more,
But leap its gulph, to find a second Spring.

And can that *something* each man calls "HIMSELF,"
'Midst this wide miracle of earth and sky,
Waste the swift moments in the toil for pelf,—
Nor raise one thought to Nature's Majesty?

On the Globe's surface creep, a grov'ling worm!
Nor joy the noon-tide radiance to behold,——
Nor trace the Mighty Hand that guides the storm,—
But deem existence relative to gold?

Ah! since this awful Now remains for me,
To think, to breathe, to wonder at the whole,
To move, to touch, to taste, to hear, to see,
To call the mystic consciousness, *my Soul*;

Fain would I seek a-while the sportive shade,
Ere the scene close upon this doubtful state;
Catch every painted phantom ere it fade,
And leave the vast Uncertainty to Fate.

But GRIEF IS MINE—yet can I quit the crew
Whose bosoms burn with avarice and pride,
In yon blue vault to quench my thirsty view,
Or tell my feelings to the boist'rous tide.

For are there not, as journeying on we go,
With pilgrim step thro' an unfriendly vale,
Oppression, Malice, Cruelty, and Woe,
And do not Falsehood's venom'd shafts assail?

Were it not nobler far, with social love,
As fellow-trav'llers in a rugged road,
That each the other's evils should remove,
And with joint force sustain the gen'ral load?

O! while such *fancied* happiness I trace,
A glow of gladness runs thro' ev'ry vein;
Rapture's warm tear steals silent down my face,
And thus I wake the philanthropic strain.

Long, long, may Britain's gen'rous Isle be blest
With foreign fame, domestic joys increase;
At ev'ry insult, shake the warlike crest;
Then weave her laurels in the Bow'r of Peace!

Blest be her Sons in hardy valour bold,
And all who haunt meek Learning's sacred shade;
Th' aspiring young; and the reposing old;
The modest matron; and th' enchanting maid!

And might the BARD upon HIMSELF bestow
One humble wish, that soon his cares may end;
With the dead year, resign his weight of woe!
Or with the thorns of life, at least *some* roses blend!

DELLA CRUSCA.

INVOCATION

TO
HORROR.

FAR be remov'd each painted scene!
What is to *me* the sapphire sky?
What is to *me* the earth's soft dye?
Or fragrant vales which sink between
Those velvet hills? yes, there I see——
(Why do those beauties burst on me?)
Pearl-dropping groves bow to the sun;
Seizing his beams, bright rivers run
That dart redoubled day:
Hope ye vain scenes, to catch the mind
To torpid sorrow all resign'd,
Or bid my heart be gay?
False are those hopes!—I turn—I fly,
Where no enchantment meets the eye,
Or soft ideas stray.

HORROR! I call thee from the *mould'ring tower*,
The *murky church-yard*, and *forsaken bower*,

Where 'midst unwholesome damps
The vap'ry gleamy lamps
Of *ignes fatui*, shew the thick-wove night,
Where morbid MELANCHOLY sits,
And weeps, and sings, and raves by fits,
And to her bosom strains the fancied sprite.

Or, if amidst the arctic gloom
Thou toilest at thy sable loom,
Forming the hideous phantoms of Despair——
Instant thy grisly labours leave,
With raven wing the concave cleave,
Where floats, self-borne, the dense nocturnal air.

Oh! bear me to th' impending cliff,
Under whose brow the dashing skiff
Beholds *Thee* seated on thy rocky throne;
There, 'midst the shrieking wild wind's roar,
Thy influence, HORROR, I'll adore,
And at thy magic touch, congeal to stone.

Oh! hide the Moon's obtrusive orb,
The gleams of ev'ry star absorb,
And let CREATION be a moment thine!
Bid billows dash; let whirlwinds roar,
And the stern, rocky-pointed shore,
The stranded bark, back to the waves resign!

Then, whilst from yonder turbid cloud,
Thou roll'st thy thunders long, and loud,
And light'nings flash upon the deep below,
Let the *expiring Seaman*'s cry,
The *Pilot*'s agonizing sigh
Mingle, and in the dreadful chorus flow!

HORROR! far back thou dat'st thy reign;
Ere KINGS th' *historic page* could stain
With records black, or deeds of lawless power;
Ere empires *Alexanders* curst,
Or Faction, madd'ning *Cæsars* nurst,
The frighted World receiv'd thy awful dower!

Whose pen JEHOVAH'S self inspir'd;
He, who in eloquence attir'd,
Led *Israel's squadrons* o'er the earth,
Grandly terrific, paints thy birth.
Th' ALMIGHTY, 'midst his fulgent seat on high,
Where glowing *Seraphs* round his footstool fly,
Beheld the wanton cities of the plain,
With acts of deadly name his laws disdain;
He gave th' irrevocable sign,
Which mark'd to man the hate divine;
And sudden from the starting sky
The Angels of his wrath bid fly!

Then, HORROR! thou presided'st o'er the whole,
And fill'd, and rapt, each self-accusing soul!
Thou did'st ascend to guide the burning shower—
On THEE th' Omnipotent bestow'd the hour!

'Twas thine to scourge the sinful land,
'Twas thine to toss the fiery brand;
Beneath thy glance the temples fell,
And mountains crumbled at thy yell.
ONCE MORE thou'lt triumph in a fiery storm;
ONCE MORE the Earth behold thy direful form;
Then shalt thou seek, as holy prophets tell,
Thy *native throne*, amidst th' *eternal shades of* HELL!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

To Thee a *Stranger* dares address his theme!
To thee, proud Mistress of Apollo's lyre;
One ray emitted from thy golden gleam,
Prompted by Love, would "*set the World on fire.*"

Adorn then Love, in fancy-tinctur'd vest,
Camelion like, anon of various hue;
By "*Penseroso,*" and "*Allegro*" drest——
Such Genius claim'd, when she *Idalia* drew.

I see the Pencil on the canvas shine!
Reynolds admires!—in Science then proceed;
The name of *Poet*, *Painter*, both are thine,
We view the *speaking painting*—as we *read.*

REUBEN.

TO

REUBEN.

MIDST the proud fervor of the day,
Whilst the sun darts a torrid ray,
The humble daisy sinks its head,
And faints upon its lowly bed;
But when moist eve hath quench'd his fire,
And treads the fields in cool attire,
The daisy spreads again her bloom,
And offers up her mild perfume.

Thus your resuscitating praise,
Breathed life upon my dying lays.
REYNOLDS ADMIRES! flatt'ry so sweet,
With blushing vanity I meet;
But, Bard polite! how hard the task,
Which with such elegance you ask.
When DIDO bade ENEAS tell
The woes he knew to paint so well—
Did he not tell the Queen, she tore
His closing wounds, and drew fresh gore
From stabs that time had almost heal'd?—
Such, REUBEN, such, the thorn conceal'd,

Within your verses' flow'ry spell,
Which barb'rous! dares my pen compel.

Yet how *describe* the various god,
T' whom PROTEUS' self's a heavy clod?
Diff'ring in ev'ry diff'ring heart,
Scorning to play a constant part.
A tyger!—tyrant!—such is he,
Whom painted with *bandeau* you see,
With downy wings, and childish face,
As tho' of the blest Cherub's race——
But oh! a serpent in disguise,
And as the lynx, his piercing eyes!
A raging fire, a deadly pain,
That gentlest heart-strings most will strain;
A fever, tempest, madness he——
Of all life's ills—A DREAD EPITOME!

Ha! dost thou fear, and wilt thou run?
The little monster try to shun?
And wilt thou, REUBEN, too succeed——
And shall thy bosom never bleed,
Never his poison'd rankling dart
Quiver within thy burning heart?
Oh, hapless man!—oh, wretched fate!
Fly to Love's altar ere too late,
And deprecate the doom accurst,
Or bid that heart with sorrow burst.

Welcome the deadly fiery pain,
That gentlest heart-strings most will strain—
MADNESS IS HIS—but 'tis replete
With all that makes life's blessings sweet;——
A TYRANT he, but oh! his chains
Are richer than an empire's gains!
Sweet, the delirium which by love is spread,
Whate'er the paths his raptur'd vot'ries tread!
He paints the mist which hangs upon the eve,
With colours clearer than the sun can give;
'Tis he who lends the nightingale its trills,
When her rich pipe the Empyrean fills;
Oh! 'tis the softness in his heart
Which makes the Lover in her song take part,
And faint upon each touching pause,
And lengthen out each added clause,
Till rapt attention, strain'd too high,
Rolls down its gushing tear, and breathes its gentle sigh.

Charming to LOVE is MORNING's hour,
When, from her chrystal roseate tow'r,
She sees the Goddess HEALTH pursue
The skimming breeze thro' fields of dew:
Charming, the flaming hour of noon,
When the sunk Linnet's fading tune
Allures him to the beechy grove;
Or when some cragg'd grotesque alcove

Sounds in his ear its tinkling rill,
And tempts him to its moss-grown sill;
Most charm'd when on his tranced mind,
Is whisper'd in the passing wind
The name of her, whose name is bliss;
Or when he all unseen can kiss
The fringed bank where late she lay,
Hidden from th' imperious day.

Oh, ye rapt glades, which glitt'ring LUNA decks,
Whose stretching shadows her refulgence checks!
Oh, ye soft floods, that hang upon the peak
Of lofty rocks, and bound in wanton freak,
Where thirsty meads your rushing streamlets crave,
And crowd their flow'rs around to drink your wave—
What are ye all, should love withhold the dart
Which wakes nice feelings in the torpid heart?
Where is the heart, that would such feelings fly,
Or fear th' inchanting, MADD'NING CUP to try?

Must I speak *more* of love? the boundless theme
Might run beyond the edge of life's short dream:
His spells are blessings—witch'ries so sublime,
They triumph o'er distress, and fate, and time.
Would'st ask the *joys* of love? Oh! change the pray'r,
Thou little know'st his pow'r, to fasten there!

Let the mean bosom crave its *love's return*,
Thine shall with more distinguish'd ardors burn:
To *know* the passion—yes, be that thy strain,
Invoke the god of the mysterious pain!
Whate'er thy nature—gentle—fiery—rough—
To LOVE—learn but TO LOVE—and thou hast bliss enough!

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE

TO

MRS. SIDDONS.

THEE, *Queen of Pathos*, shall my proud Verse hail,
Illustrious SIDDONS! should I go,
Whether to *Zembla*'s waste of snow,
Or *Ætna*'s cavern'd height, or *Tempe*'s vaunted vale;

Or where on *Caucasus* the fierce storm blows,
Or near the violated flood
Of *Ganges*, blushing oft with blood;
Or where his rainbow arch loud *Niagara* throws.

For, not th' exulting Monarch on his throne,
Tho' grateful nations round him bow,
Is more a Potentate than thou: [own;
Feeling, and Sense, and Worth, and Virtue, are thy

And e'en thy mighty spell the soul can sway:
While *Sympathy* with melting eye,
Hangs on thy bosom's fervid sigh, [stray.
And finds th' unbidden tear down her hot cheek to

Lo! at thy voice, from solitary cave,
With hair erect, peeps forth *pale* FEAR,
Nor will he longer wait to hear,
But flies with culprit haste a visionary grave.

Amongst the hollow mountain's shadowy cells,
Dark-brow'd REVENGE, that strangely walks,
And to himself low-mutt'ring talks,
While with convulsive throb his breast unsated swells.

And *gelid* HORROR in the haunted hall,
That with dread pause, and eye stretch'd wide,
Marks the mysterious spectre glide,
Nor dare his flagging knees obey the Phantom's call.

And *lost* DESPAIR with desolating cry,
That head-long darts from some tall tow'r
On fire, at thick Night's saddest hour,
When not a watchman wakes, and not an aid is nigh.

These own thy pow'r—and *barefoot* MADNESS too,
Dancing upon the flinty plain,
As tho' 'twere gay to suffer pain,
That sees his tyrant Moon, and raving runs to woo.

Alike the mild, benevolent desires,
That wander in the pensive grove,
Pity, and generous-minded Love,
To thrill thy kindred pulse, shoot their electric fires.

Ah! let not then my fond admiring Muse
Restrain the ardor of her song,
In silent wonder fix'd so long,
Nor thou! from humble hands the homage meet refuse.

And I will hasten oft from short repose,
To wake the lily, on moist bed
Reclining meek her folded head;
And chase with am'rous touch the slumber of the rose.

Then will I bathe them in the tears of Morn,
That they, a fresher gale may breathe,
Then will I form a votive wreath,
To bind thy sacred brows,—to deprecate thy scorn.

But should'st thou still disdain these proffer'd lays,
Which choak'd, alas! with weedy woe,
Like yon dull stream can scarcely flow—
Take from BRITANNIA'S HARP, *the Triumph of thy praise.*

DELLA CRUSCA.

ODE

TO

SIMPLICITY.

Addressed to

MRS. WELLS.

O COME, ye fragrant gales that sweep
The surface of the Summer deep,
Nor yet refuse to waft my lay,
And with it fan the breast of May;
For humble though it be,
It hails benign *Simplicity*.

Why do we haunt the Mountain's side,
Ere yet the curly vapours glide?
Why mark the *op'ning buds of* SPRING,
Or trace the shrill Lark's quiv'ring wing?
It is, that then we see
Meek NATURE'S *sweet Simplicity*.

The length'ned shades that Evening draws,
Of calm repose the gen'ral pause,
The Stream that winds yon meads along,
The Nightingale's transcendent song,
Borrow each charm from thee,
O soft-ey'd Nymph, Simplicity!

Then to thy brow, lov'd WELLS! is due,
A lasting wreath, of various hue,
Hung with each perfum'd flow'r that blows,
But chief, the *Cowslip* and the *Rose*:
For surely thou art she!
THYSELF—*benign Simplicity!*

And when *thy* MIMIC Pow'rs are shewn,
Each other's talents are thy own,
Appropriate to thyself we find,
The *thrilling voice*, the *wounded mind*;
The starting tear we see
In Nature's pure *Simplicity*.

Hast thou beheld the infant Moon
Hie to her couch, ere Night's full noon?
Then hast thou heard the Lover-train,
In tones of sad regret complain;
So absent, all agree,
To mourn for lost *Simplicity*.

So when upon thy well-wrought scene,
The curtain drops its closing green,
We grieve the mirthful hour is past,
And murmur that it fled so fast;
We wish again to see
The Beauties of *Simplicity*.

And Loveliness delights to dwell,
Upon thy bosom's snowy swell,
To bid the streamy lightnings fly,
In *liquid peril from thine eye*;
And to each heart decree
The Triumph of *Simplicity*.

Ah! while I vent'rous pour the verse,
Unfit thy praises to rehearse;
Yet may'st thou kindly deign to hear,
For O, the Tribute is sincere!
The homage paid by me,
In *genuine* TRUTH's *Simplicity*.

DELLA CRUSCA.

ODE

TO

MISS FARREN.

FROM *her own garden*, BEAUTY chose,
In all its bloomy pride, the ROSE,
And from the feather'd race, the DOVE;
Then, FARREN! on thy cheek she threw
The blushing Flow'r's enchanting hue,
Then form'd thy Temper from the Bird of Love.

Ah! though I'm doom'd to roam afar,
Yet shall the Morning's beamy star,
Yet shall the placid glow of Eve,
Recall thy charms to bless my mind:
Dear charms! with dearer virtues join'd,
So shall my heart at times forget to grieve.

And often will I loit'ring stay,
Till the dark mountains veil the Day,
While *thus* delicious Fancy cheers—
For then more sweet on ev'ry plain
The Linnet trills her farewell strain,
And then more lovely NATURE's self appears.

And sure the happy youths who gaze
Upon thine Eye's resistless blaze,
Where *gay Life*'s polish'd circles shine,
Or view amid the Comic Scene,
Thy dimpled smiles, and graceful mien,
Shall find "their bosoms sympathize with mine."

Whether thou show'st with matchless skill,
Unsteady Fashion's froward will,
As heartless Maid, or heedless Wife,
Truth, Nature, Sentiment prevail,
And through the Mirth-inspiring Tale,
All FICTION seems absorb'd in REAL LIFE.

Oh what delight to hourly trace
The fine expression of thy Face,
Thy winning elegance, and ease;
To see those teeth, of lust'rous pearl,
Thy locks profuse of many a curl,
And hear thy voice, omnipotent to please!

With thee to pace the mountain's side,
Or mark the rushy riv'let glide,
That murm'ring rolls a scanty stream;
'Till wid'ning in the vale below,
It seems t' exult with vainer glow,
And gayly wanton in the lunar beam.

Still might the seasons change——with thee,
Not Winter's self could dreary be,
Nor sultry Summer's heats offend.
The howling winds, the pelting show'r,
Could not disturb my rapt'rous hour,
Nor ever gloom my mind—with such a friend.

At midnight then no more I'd stand,
Where Ocean's surges lash the land,
Nor fondly list the Screech-owl's tongue——
Ah me! I dream—th' illusion's o'er—
Henceforth, in silence I'll adore,
And thou, sweet Nymph! forgive the ardent song.

DELLA CRUSCA.

THE

SLAVES.

AN

ELEGY.

If late I paus'd upon the Twilight plain
Of FONTENOY, to weep the FREE-BORN BRAVE;
Sure Fancy now may cross the Western Main,
And melt in sadder pity for the SLAVE.

Lo! where to yon PLANTATION drooping goes,
The SABLE HERD of Human Kind, while near
Stalks a *pale* DESPOT, and around him throws
The scourge that wakes—that punishes the Tear.

O'er the far Beach the mournful murmur strays,
And joins the rude yell of the tumbling tide,
As faint they labour in the solar blaze,
To feed the luxury of BRITISH PRIDE!

E'en at this moment, on the burning gale
Floats the weak wailing of the female tongue;
And can that Sex's softness nought avail—
Must naked WOMAN shriek amid the throng?

O cease to think, my Soul! what thousands die
By Suicide, and Toil's extreme despair;
Thousands, who never rais'd to Heav'n the eye,
Thousands, who fear'd no punishment, but there.

Are drops of blood the HORRIBLE MANURE
That fills with luscious juice, the TEEMING CANE?
And must our fellow-creatures thus endure,
For traffic vile, th' indignity of pain?

Yes, their keen sorrows are the sweets we blend
With the green bev'rage of our morning meal,
The while to love *meek Mercy* WE pretend,
Or for *fictitious ills* affect to feel.

Yes, 'tis their anguish mantles in the bowl,
Their sighs excite the Briton's drunken joy;
Those ign'rant suff'rers know not of a SOUL,
That we *enlighten'd* may its hopes destroy.

And there are MEN, who leaning on the LAWS,
What they have purchas'd, claim a right to hold—
Curs'd be the tenure, curs'd its cruel cause——
FREEDOM's a dearer property than *gold!*

And there are *Men*, with shameless front have said,
That Nature form'd the NEGROES *for Disgrace;*
That on their limbs subjection is display'd——
The doom of slav'ry stampt upon their face.

Send your stern gaze from Lapland to the Line,
And ev'ry Region's natives fairly scan,
Their forms, their force, their faculties combine,
And own the VAST VARIETY OF MAN!

Then why suppose *Yourselves* the chosen few,
To deal Oppression's poison'd arrows round,
To gall with iron bonds the weaker crew,
Enforce the labour, and inflict the wound?

'Tis SORDID INT'REST guides you; bent on gain,
In profit only can ye reason find;
And pleasure too:—but urge no more in vain,
The selfish subject, to the social mind.

Ah! how can *He*, whose daily lot is grief,
Whose mind is vilify'd beneath the Rod,
Suppose his MAKER has for him relief,
Can he believe the tongue that speaks of GOD?

For when he sees the Female of his Heart,
And his lov'd daughters torn by Lust away,
His sons, the poor inheritors of smart—— [PRAY!
——HAD HE RELIGION, THINK YE HE COULD

Alas! He steals him from the loathsome shed,
What time moist Midnight blows her venom'd breath,
And musing, how he long has toil'd and bled,
DRINKS THE DIRE BALSAM OF CONSOLING DEATH!

Haste, haste, ye Winds, on swiftest pinions fly,
Ere from this World of Misery he go,
Tell him his wrongs bedew a NATION'S EYE,
Tell him, BRITANNIA *blushes for his Woe!*

Say, that in future, NEGROES SHALL BE BLEST,
Rank'd e'en as Men, and Men's just rights enjoy;
Be neither Sold, nor Purchas'd, nor Oppress'd,
No griefs shall wither, and no stripes destroy!

Say, that fair Freedom bends her Holy Flight
To cheer the Infant, and console the Sire;
So shall *He*, wond'ring, prove at last, delight,
And in a throb of ecstacy expire.

Then shall proud ALBION's CROWN, where Laurels
Torn from the bosom of the raging sea, [twine,
Boast 'midst the glorious leaves, a Gem divine,
The radiant Gem of PURE HUMANITY!

DELLA CRUSCA.

MONODY.

Addressed to

MR. TICKELL.

If ever for fictitious grief
My soul a transient sorrow knew;
If sometimes I have heav'd a sigh,
But to behold the virgin leaf
Of the lost Lily with'ring die;
Sure tend'rest sympathy is due
To Thee, from whom each cherish'd bliss is fled,
Who mourn'st by day and night, thy *own* Maria *dead!*
O Tickell! in the murm'ring gale,
Oft have I found thy plaintive voice prevail;
When the wet fingers of the morn, [thorn;
Shook the cold pearl-drops from the bending
Or when, at close of day,
To the lone vale I took my way,

The *sad vibration* of *faint* ECHO's *breath*,
Brought to my heart the dirge of Death.
Then all dejected, have I paus'd to hear,
And felt a kindred pang sincere;
Sincere as erst *thy Father's* PARENT prov'd,
When for the * *Friend* he lov'd,
He wove a cypress wreath, and pour'd the verse,
That sooth'd the Poet's shade, and hung upon his herse.
Ah! let me take *my simple reed*,
And seek the moonlight mead;
Or where 'mongst rocks *the headlong stream*,
Flashes the lucid beam;
Woo calm REFLECTION in her sober bow'r,
As pond'ring at the midnight hour,
She flings her solace on each passing wind,
That wafts the heavenly balm to heal the wounded mind.
So may her mighty spell,
Thy desolating anguish quell,
So may'st thou quit at length the Forest's gloom;
Nor thus for ever dwell upon the Sainted Tomb.
O think, when wand'ring on the shore,
Thou mark'st with musing eye,
O'er the rude cliffs the tempest fly,
And rouse to sudden rage the howling main.
Think, SHE *thou lov'st*, has left a World,
Where jarring elements are hurl'd,

* Addison.

And where contending atoms roar,
To join, 'midst endless joy, th' adoring Seraph's strain!
Yes, *she was mild and lovely as the star*
That in the Western hemisphere afar,
Lifts its pure lamp above the mountain's head,
To light *meek Evening to her dewy bed.*
And as the waning Moon displays,
With mirror clear, Morn's rising rays,
She, in decay, show'd VIRTUE's ORB refin'd,
Reflected *fairer* from her angel mind;
'Till at the last, too fierce a blaze was given,
And then she sunk from sight, and FADED *into* HEAVEN.
Yet do not mourn, be grief away,
For see how swift the dark clouds go;
Soon silence drinks the Linnet's lay,
And yonder sapphire waves shall cease to flow,
Scared by the hissing brand,
Of thirsty Summer's sultry hand.
From the lorn wood the leaves descend,
And *all of Nature*, as *of Art, must end.*
Sad Consolation, true! yet why,
If soon must close the languid eye,
Since a short moment but remains,
For all our fears, and all our pains,
Why should we fondly brood on care,
Ah! why devote us to despair!

But Time assiduous loves to urge
Our footsteps to his utmost verge,
Because that there a rapt'rous scene appears,
Where ANGUISH *never throbs, nor* SORROW *sinks in tears.*
Meanwhile, forbear not to disclose,
The Scions of that beauteous Stem;
And tho' the PARENT ROSE,
Was prematurely lost,
By a remorseless frost;
O view the op'ning Buds, and smile at least for them!

DELLA CRUSCA.

ODE

TO

INDIFFERENCE.

Oh Nymph, long sought, of placid mien,
With careless steps, and brow serene!
I woo thee from the tufted bowers,
Where listless pass thy easy hours——
Or, if a *Naiade* of the silver wave
Thou rather lov'st thy pearly limbs to lave
In some clear lake, whose fascinating face
Lures the soft willow to its pure embrace;
Or, if beneath the gelid rock
Thy smiles all human sorrows mock,
Where'er thou art, in earth or air,
Oh! come, and chase the *fiend* Despair!

Have I not mark'd thee on the green
Roving, by vulgar eyes unseen?
Have I not watch'd thy lightsome dance
When Evening's soften'd glows advance?

Dear Goddess, yes! and whilst the Rustic's mirth
Proclaims the hour which gives wild gambols birth,
Supine, I've found thee in the elm row's shade,
Lull'd by the hum returning bees have made,
Who, chary of their golden spoils,
Finish their fragrant, rosy toils,
With rest-inviting, slumb'rous song,
As to their waxen couch they throng.

Chaste Nymph! the Temple let me seek
Where thou resid'st in lustre meek;
My future life to thee I give——
Irradiate ev'ry hour I live!
'Tis true no *glowing bliss* thy vot'ries know,
From thee no poignant ecstacy can flow,
But oh! thou shield'st the heart from rankling pain,
And Misery *strikes*, when blest with thee, in vain;
Wan *Jealousy*'s empoisoning tooth,
And *Love*, which feeds upon our youth,
And holy *Friendship*'s broken tie,
Ne'er dim the lustre of thy eye.

For thee, it is, all Nature blooms,
For thee, the Spring new charms assumes,
Nor *vainly* flings her blossoms round,
Nor *vainly* bids her groves resound;
Her music, colours, odours, all are thine,
To thee her months their richest gifts consign;

To thee the morn is bright, and sweet the ray
That marks the progress of the sinking day;
Each change is grateful to thy soul,
For its *fine taste* no woes controul,
The powers of Nature, and of Art,
Alike entrance the easy heart.

And oh! beneath thy gentle dome
Which the *calm* comforts make their home,
That cruel imp is never found
Whose fame such idle songs resound—
Dread SENSIBILITY!—Oh! let me fly
Where Greenland darkness drinks the beamy sky,
Or where the Sun, with downward torrid ray
Kills, with the barb'rous glories of the day!
I'd dare th' excess of ev'ry clime,
Grasp ev'ry evil known by Time,
Ere live beneath that Witch's spells
With whom no *lasting* pleasure dwells.

Her lovely form deceives the heart,
The tear, for ever prompt to start,
The tender look, the ready sigh,
And soft emotion always nigh;
And yet *Content* th' insidious fiend forbids——
Oh! she has torn the slumbers from my lids:
Oft rous'd my torpid sense to living woe,
And bid chill anguish to my bosom grow.

She seals her prey!—in vain the Spring
Wakes Rapture, thro' her groves to sing;
The roseat Morn's hygean bloom,
Fades down, *unmark'd*, to Evening's gloom.

Oh SENSIBILITY! thy sceptre sad
Points, where the *frantic glance* proclaims THE MAD!
Strain'd to excess, Reason is chain'd thy slave,
Or the poor Victim, shuns thee in the grave;
To thee each crime, each evil owes its birth,
That in gigantic horror treads the earth!

SAVAGE UNTAM'D! she smiles to drink our tears,
And where's no *solid ill*, she wounds with *fears*;
Riots in sighs, is sooth'd when most we smart—
Now, while she guides my pen, her FANG's within my heart.

ANNA MATILDA.

ODE

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

O CEASE MATILDA! Cease the strain,
That wooes INDIFFERENCE to thy arms;
For what are all her boasted charms?
But only to be free from Pain!
And would'st thou then, her torpid ease,
Her listless apathy to know,
Renounce the magic POW'R to PLEASE;
And lose the LUXURY of WOE?
Why does thy stream of sweetest song,
In many a wild maze wind along;
Foam on the Mountain's murm'ring side;
Or thro' the vocal covert glide;
Or among fairy meadows steal?—
It is, because thy HEART can FEEL!
Alas! if Peace must be unknown,
Till ev'ry nerve is turn'd to stone,
Till not a tear-drop wets the eye;
Nor throbs the breast for Sorrow's sigh.

O may I never find relief,
But PERISH, in the PANG of GRIEF!

Think not I reason thus, my Fair!
A stranger to corroding Care!
Ah! if *Thou*, seldom find'st repose,
"*I*, rest not on a bed of rose."
DESPAIR, cold Serpent, loves to twine
About this helpless heart of mine!
Yet tho' neglected and forlorn,
I scarce can check the smile of Scorn,
When those the VULGAR call the GREAT,
Bend the important brow of state;
And strive a consequence to find
By seeming more than Human kind;
Well, let them strut their hour away,
Till grinning Death demand his prey!
Meanwhile, my ANNA! let us rove
The scented vale, the bending grove,
Mix our hot tears with evening dews,
And live for FRIENDSHIP and the MUSE!

Yes, let us hasten hand in hand,
Where the blue billows lave the land,
And as they quick recoiling fly,
Send on the surf a length'ned sigh,
That strikes the soul, with truth sublime,
As 'twere the whisp'ring TONGUE of TIME;

For thus our short Life's ebbing day
Murmurs awhile, and hastes away!
Or let us seek the mould'ring wall,
Or some lone Abbey's Gothic Hall;
Recline upon the knee-worn stone,
And catch the North Wind's dismal moan,
That 'midst his sorrows, seems to boast
Of many a gallant vessel lost!
Friends and Lovers sunk in death—
By the fury of his breath!
What tho' at the *imagin'd Tale*,
Thy alter'd cheek be sadly pale;
Ne'er can such SYMPATHY annoy;
For 'tis the price of dearest JOY!

When far off the Night Storm flies,
Let us ponder on the SKIES!
Where countless stars are ever roll'd,
Which yet our weak eyes dare behold;
Adore the SELF-EXISTING CAUSE
That gives to each its sep'rate laws;
That, when th' impetuous Comet runs
Athwart a wilderness of Suns;
Tells it what mandate to obey,
Nor ever wander from its way;
Till back it hasten whence 'twas brought,
Beyond the boundaries of Thought!

Let not the studious Seer reply,
" *Attraction regulates the Sky,*
" *And lends each Orb the secret force,*
" *That urges on, or checks its course.*"
Or with his Orrery expound
Creation's vainly fancied round.
Ah! quit thy toil, presumptuous Sage!
Destroy thy calculating page;
No more on Second Causes plod;
'Tis not ATTRACTION, but 'tis GOD!
And what the UNIVERSE we call,
Is but a POINT, compar'd to ALL.

SUCH BLISS the sensate bosom knows,
Such bliss Indiff'rence ne'er bestows;
Tho' small the circle we can trace,
In the abyss of time and space,
Tho' LEARNING has its limits got,
The feelings of the soul have not.
Their vast excursions find no end;
And RAPTURE needs not comprehend!

'Tis true, we're ign'rant how the Earth
Wakes the first principles of birth,
With vegetative moisture feeds
To diff'rent purpose, diff'rent seeds;
Gives to the Rose, such balmy sweet,
Or fills the golden ear of Wheat,

Paints the ripe Peach with velvet bloom,
Or weaves the thick Wood's mingling gloom;—
YET, we can wander in the bow'r;
Can taste the fragrance of the flow'r;
Drink the rich fruit's nectareous juice,
And bend the harvest to our use.—

Then give thy pure perceptions scope,
And sooth thy heaving heart with hope.
HOPE shall instruct my sorr'wing Friend;
The soul's fine fervour ne'er can end;
But when her limbs by Death are laid
Beneath some yew-tree's hallow'd shade,
Then shall her soaring spirit know
The Seraphim's ecstatic glow.
Then shall th' ESSENTIAL MIND confess,
That ANGUISH has the pow'r to BLESS,
That FEELING was in BOUNTY given,
And own THE SACRED TRUTH—IN HEAVEN.

DELLA CRUSCA.

ODE

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

O THOU!
Who from "*a wilderness of Suns*"
Canst stoop to where the low brook runs!
Thro' space with rapid comets glow;
Or mark where, soft, the snow-drops grow!
O THOU!
Whose burning Pen now rapture paints!
Then moralizes, cold, with Saints!
Now trembling ardors can infuse——
Then, seems as dipp'd in cloister'd dews——
O say! thy BEING quick declare,
Art thou a Son of Earth, or Air?
Celestial Bard! though thy sweet song
Might to a Seraph's strains belong,
Its wondrous beauty, and its art
Can only *touch*, not *change*, my heart.

So Heaven-sent light'ning *powerless* plays,
And wanton, throws its purple rays;
It leaps thro' Night's scarce pervious gloom
Attracted by the Rose's bloom,
Th' illumin'd shrub then quiv'ring round,
It seems each scented bud to wound;
Morn shakes her locks, and see the Rose
In renovated beauty blows!
Smiles at the dart which past away,
And flings her perfume on the day.

Thy light'ning Pen 'tis thus I greet,
Fearless its subtile point I meet;
Ne'er shall its spells my sad heart move,
From the calm state it vows to love.
All other bliss I've prov'd is vain—
All other bliss is dash'd with pain.
My waist with myrtles has been bound,
MY BROW WITH LAURELS HAS BEEN CROWN'D;
LOVE, has sigh'd hopeless at my feet,
LOVE, on my couch, has pour'd each sweet;
All these I've known, and now I fly
With thee, INDIFFERENCE, to die!

Nor is thy gift "*dull torpid ease*,"
The Mind's quick powers thou dost not freeze:
No! blest by *Thee*, the soul expands,
And darts o'er new-created lands;

Springs from the confines of the earth
To where new systems struggle into birth;
The germ of future Worlds beholds,
The secrets of dark space unfolds;
Can watch how far th' ERRATIC runs,
And gaze on DELLA CRUSCA's Suns;
In some new Orb can meet "*his starry mail*,"
And him, on earth unknown, in Heaven with transport hail!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

NOR will I more of Fate complain;
For I have liv'd to feel thy strain;
To feel its sun-like force divine,
Swift darting through the clouds of woe,
Shoot to my soul a sainted glow.
Yet, yet, MATILDA, spare to shine!
One moment be the blaze suppress!
Lest from this clod my spirit spring,
And borne by Zephyrs' trembling wing,
Seek a *new Heaven* upon thy BREAST.
But say, does calm INDIFFERENCE dwell
On the low mead or mountain swell,
Or at grey Evening's solemn gloom,
Bend her bosom to the tomb?
Or when the weak dawn's orient rose,
In silv'ry foliage deck'd, appears;
Tell me, if perchance *she* goes
To the fresh garden's proud array,
Where, doubtful of the coming day,
Each drooping flow'ret sheds translucent tears.

Ah! tell me, tell me where,
For thou shalt find me *there*,
Like her own son, in vestment pure,
With deep disguise of smile secure:
So shall I once thy form descry,
For once, hold converse with thine eye.
Vain is the thought, for at thy sight,
Soon as thy potent voice were found,
Could I conceal the vast delight,
Could I be tranquil at the sound,
Could I repress quick Rapture's start,
Or hide the bursting of my heart?
Let but thy lyre impatient seize,
Departing Twilight's filmy breeze,
That winds th' enchanted chords among,
In ling'ring labyrinth of song:
Anon, the amorous *Bird of Woe*,
Shall steal the tones that quiv'ring flow,
And with them soothe the sighing woods,
And with them charm the slumb'ring floods;
Till, all exhausted by the lay,
He hang in silence on the spray,
Drop to his idol flow'r beneath,
And, 'midst her blushes, cease to breathe.*

Warn'd by his Fate, 'twere surely well,
To shun the fascinating spell;

* This alludes to the idea of the Nightingale being enamoured of the Rose, so frequently expressed in Persian Poetry.

Nor still, presumptuous, dare to fling
My rude hand o'er the sounding string;
As though I fondly would aspire,
To match MATILDA's heavenly fire.
Yet may I sometimes, far remote,
Hear the lov'd cadence of her note,
And though *the Laurel* I resign,
O may *the bliss of* TASTE *be mine!*

DELLA CRUSCA.

"——— *Does calm Indifference dwell,*
"*On the low mead, or mountain swell?*
"*Oh tell me where,*
"*For thou shalt find me there.*"

To DELLA CRUSCA.

YES, on the mountain's haughty swell,
And in the prostrate dell,
And where the Dryades fling their shades——
There may'st thou meet the Maid serene,
Or trace her on the zephyr'd green,
Whilst Day's carnation gently fades.
Doth Nature make the prospect *vast*,
With rocks o'erhang, and rivers cast,
Tumbling headlong to their base?
Do seas stretch out their foamy plains,
Compelling with their chrystal chains
Wide Continents t' embrace?
All these attract the smooth brow'd fair;——
Or where can Art evince her powers,
Where Science strew immortal flowers,
And gay Indifference—haste not there?
Whilst PASSION narrows up the heart,
TASTE can no ray of bliss impart,

One strong idea grasps the mind——
Extends itself thro' all the soul,
Thro' ev'ry vein its furies roll,
And tears with fangs unkind.

When NEWTON trod the starry roads,
And view'd the dwellings of the Gods,
And measur'd every Orb——
Did *silly Love* his steps attend,
His mighty purposes suspend,
Or his grand mind absorb?
When intellectual LOCKE explor'd
The Soul's sad vacuum, where no hoard
Of budding young ideas lay——
Oh tell, thus rob'd in Wisdom's stole,
Did Love's coarse torch his view control,
Or light him in the darksome way?
Ha! DELLA CRUSCA, cease to feign,
Thy cheek with red repentance stain,
For having feign'd so long;
Quick seize thy Lyre, sweep each bold string,
O'er every chord thy music fling——
To calm INDIFFERENCE raise the Song!

Propitiate first, then with her haste
O'er the Globe's peopled, motley waste;
Watch CHARACTER where-e'er it runs;
Drink newer air, see fiercer suns:

Seek the bland realms where first the Morn
Pours dawn-light from her beamy horn ;——
Pours scent and colours o'er the vale,
And wakes its song, and wakes its tale.
Mark how CONFUCIUS' feeble race,
(Whose records *vast* fail not to trace)
To Imitation still confine
Their powers, nor deviate from its line.
Their fourteen thousand glowing springs
Passing thro' their yearly rings,
Not one suggestion left behind,
No Art, nor Virtue more refin'd ;
Philosophy no inroads made,
But mute, within its awful shade,
Its thoughts occult arrang'd——
  Whilst Learning, blindfold in its pen,
  This costly precept gave to men—
" BE WISE, *but be unchang'd.*"

  Haste !—leave th' insipid herd—away !
Where EGYPT's *sons imbrown the day,*
For there primeval Wisdom form'd her wreath,
And Science first was taught to breathe.
Oh linger here ! the Classic clime
Demands, and will reward thy time.
Here shalt thou seek th' immortal Dome
Where *Pleasure* triumph'd over ROME ;

And tread where CLEOPATRA trod,
And moisten with thy tear the sod
Where Taste and Love their banners wav'd,
Snatching from the grave Old Time——
Whose life fast-fading, Rapture sav'd,
And Phœnix-like renew'd its prime.

Then find the myrtled tomb,
The now unenvied Lover's home;
But, lest thy pensive steps should stray,
To guide thee in the unknown way,
The Moon her bright locks quick unshrouds,
Her veil of gossamour, thin clouds,
Dissolves to air, and her soft eye
Thro' the Palm Grove's haughty shade,
And the lofty Aloed glade
Shall guide thee where thy long-ow'd sigh
Breath'd o'er the mingling Lover's dust,
Shall gratify their hov'ring souls
Beyond *an* EMPIRE'S *votive Bust.*
Is a soft willow bending near,
Whose drooping leaves speak grief sincere?
Its drooping leaves, ah! instant seize,
The happy violence will please——
Bend its tender flaccid boughs
(Murm'ring soft mysterious vows)
Into garlands—leave them there,
OFFERINGS to the love-lost pair!

These duties paid, with ling'ring look,
With heart by silent Sorrow shook,
The marbled desart next explore
Where Beauty's glance, and Learning's lore,
Ages long past the soul beguil'd——
Oh think! in that unletter'd wild
LONGINUS wrote, ZENOBIA smil'd!
Where now a humbled column lies,
Stream'd radiance from impassion'd eyes;
The roof, where odious Night Birds rest,
Once shelter'd Wit, once echo'd Jest;
Where Peasants cumbrous oxen stall,
THERPSICHORE swam through the ball;
Serpents convolve, where Music trill'd,
And lost *Palmyra*'s fate's fulfill'd.

Doth splendid scenes thy light heart prize?
Fly to Italia's downy skies!
Where Fancy's richest strokes abound,
Where Nature's happiest points are found;
The pleasures here—a rosy band!
Link'd to her car with flow'ry chains,
Bear their rapt Goddess o'er the plains
And strew their glories o'er her land.
The dulcet groves, burst with rich notes,
Caught by a thousand trembling throats,

The wavey rivers as they fly——
Their soft embroider'd bounds between,
Whose glowing tints be-gem the green,
Bear on their curls th' extatic sigh;——
The breeze detain'd rests its pure wing,
To hear blest Love its triumphs sing.
And ah! be Italy ne'er nam'd,
Without a pause to those so fam'd——
The glorious MEDICIS!

Oh SCULPTURE! lift thy pillar high,
And grave the name amidst the sky!
Its base, let marble sorrows tend,
And chissel'd woes in high relief,
Look their unutterable grief,
And mute Despair its tresses rend!
Blest POETRY! compel thy lyre
To sound the loud immortal praise
Of those who cherish'd thy proud bays,
And fed thy near extinguish'd fire!
Thy pencil, PAINTING! dip in shades
To last till Europe's Glory fades——
Thy trophy'd canvas shall be Fame
To those who nurs'd thy infant Art,
And bear to mightier shores the Name!

Swiftly, my DELLA CRUSCA, turn,
To where the Medicean Urn,
The once proud City hallows still,
There thy fine taste may drink its fill.
To FLORENCE fly——
O, no! for ever shun her tempting skies,
For there, if right I ween, the Maid INDIFFERENCE dies!

ANNA MATILDA.

TO

ANNA MATILDA.

Age, jam meorum,
Finis amorum.

And have I strove in vain to move
Thy Heart, *fair Phantom* of my Love?
And cou'dst thou think 'twas my design,
Calmly to list thy Notes Divine,
That I responsive Lays might send,
To gain a cold *Platonic Friend?*
Far other hopes thy Verse inspir'd,
And all my Breast with Passion fir'd.
For Fancy to my mind had given
Thy form, as of the forms of Heaven——
Had bath'd thy lips with vermil dew;
Had touch'd thy cheek with Morning's hue!
And down thy neck had sweetly roll'd
Luxuriant locks of mazy gold.

Yes, I had hopes, at last to press,
And lure thee to the chaste caress;
Catch from thy breath the quiv'ring sigh,
And meet the *murder of thine eye.*
Ah! when I deem'd such joys at hand,
Remorseless comes the stern command,
Nor calls my wand'ring footsteps home,
But far, and farther bids me roam;
And then thy Vestal Notes dispense
The meed of COLD INDIFFERENCE!
Curs'd Pow'r! that to myself unknown,
Still turns the heart I love, to stone!
Dwells with the Fair whom most I prize,
And scorns my tears, and mocks my sighs.

Yes, ANNA! I will hasten forth
To the bleak regions of the North,
Where *Erickson*, immortal Lord!
Pour'd on the Dane his vengeful sword;
Or where wide o'er the barb'rous plain,
Fierce Rurick held his ancient reign.
Then once more will I trace the Rhine,
And mark the Rhone's swift billows shine;
Once more on VIRGIL's tomb I'll muse,
And *Laura*'s, gemm'd with evening dews;
Once more ROME's *Via Sacra* tread,
And ponder on the mighty dead.

More Eastward then direct my way,
To thirsty *Egypt*'s desarts stray,
Fix in wonder, to behold
The Pyramids renown'd of old;
Fallen near one of which, I ween,
The *Hieroglyphic Sphinx* is seen!
The * Lion Virgin Sphinx, that shows
What time the rich Nile overflows.
Then will I sail th' Egean tide,
Or seek *Scamander*'s tuneful side;
Wander the sacred groves among,
Where HOMER wak'd th' immortal Song;
Traverse the Nemæan Wood,
Mark the spot where *Sparta* stood;
Or at humbled *Athens* see
Its still remaining Majesty!——
Yet to *Indiff'rence* e'er a foe,
May Beauty other joys bestow;
Her rapt'rous Science I'll pursue,
The Science NEWTON *never knew.*

Now blows the wind with melancholy force,
And o'er the *Baltic* points my weary course;
Loud shout the Mariners, the white sails swell——
ANNA MATILDA! fare thee, fare thee well!

* The overflowing of the Nile always happens while the Sun is in Leo and Virgo.

Farewel whoe'er thou art, and may'st thou find
Health and repose, and lasting peace of mind;
Still pour the various Verse with fancy clear,
To thrill the pulse, and charm th' attentive ear;
Nor may relentless Care thy days destroy,
But ev'ry hope be ripen'd into joy!

And O! farewel to distant Britain's shore,
Which I perhaps am doom'd to see no more;
Where Valour, Wisdom, Taste, and Virtue dwell,
Dear Land of Liberty, alas! farewel!——
Yet oft, *e'en there*, by wild Ambition tost,
The Soul's best season settles in a frost.
Yet even *there*, desponding, late I knew,
That Friendship, *foreign-form'd*, is rarely true.
For they, whom most I lov'd, whose kindness sav'd
My shatter'd Bark, when erst the tempest rav'd:
At Home, e'en with the common herd could fly,
Gaze on the wounded Deer, and *pass him by!*
Nor yet can Pride subdue my pangs severe,
But Scorn itself evap'rates in a Tear.

Thou too, delusive Maid! whose winning charms
Seduc'd me first from slow Wealth's beckning arms;
Sweet POETRY! my earliest, falsest Friend,
Here shall my frantic adoration end.

Take back the simple Flute thy treach'ry gave,
Take back, and plunge it in Oblivion's wave,
So shall its sad Notes hence no malice raise——
The Bard unknown—forgotten be the Lays.——
But should, with ANNA's Verse, his hapless Rhime,
In future meet th' impartial eye of Time,
Say, that thy wretched victim long endur'd,
Pains which are seldom felt, and never cur'd!
Say 'midst the lassitude of hopes o'erthrown,
MATILDA's *strain* could comfort him alone.
Yet was the veil mysterious ne'er remov'd,
From *him th' admiring* and from *her the lov'd*,
And no kind intercourse the Song repaid,
But each to each remain'd—*a Shadow and a Shade.*

DELLA CRUSCA.

TO

DELLA CRUSCA.

Oh stay, oh stay! thy rash speed check,
Not *yet* ascend the flying deck;
Nor Europe's Hemisphere forsake,
Nor from THY NATION's pleasures take
A bliss so exquisite and chaste——
A feast so dear to polish'd taste,
As *that* thy Lyre correctly flings,
As that they feel when DELLA CRUSCA sings.
Alas! thou'rt gone, and to my straining eye
Thy Bark seems buoyant on the distant sky;—
See! in the clouds its mast it proudly laves,
Scorning the aid of Ocean's humble waves:
Well may it soar and bear aloft the prize
Whose verse immortal links him to the skies;
Well may it scorn rough *Neptune*'s rocky way,
Which bears the Genius of the GOD OF DAY!

And now, MATILDA, bind thy lyre
With cypress wreathes! the lambent fire
Thou kindled at his fervid rays
Can gleam no more;—thy future *days*
Lost to the Muses and to Taste,
Each torpid hour will joyless waste.
In vain each morning now will glow——
In vain soft MAIA's music flow,
And to my pillow force its way,
And on my wak'ning senses play.
Her notes my *wak'ning* senses fill,
And *conscious slumbers* own the trill;
But when at length Remembrance bids
The filmy slumber quit my lids,
Saying "THE WORLD its Wit hath brought,
"Its various point, its well turn'd thought,
"But DELLA CRUSCA lends no ray"——
Oh *what* is Morning—*what* is May?

Yet hold! some solace yet remains,
And pensive joys await my pains.
I too must leave this laurel'd coast
Which all, that ROME adorn'd, can boast;
But not like thee, for GRECIAN shores;——
Ah no! my humbler prow explores
The Sea *unsung*, which lies between
Dover's proud cliffs, and France serene.
Thou'lt skim th' Egean's brilliant tide,
I, o'er the British channel glide,

Thou, all enthusiast! fondly trace
The Isle where PHAON's beauteous face
Gave birth to SAPPHO's glorious art——
Illum'd her name, but tore her heart:
Thy SAPPHO seek the shores vicine,
Where *England*'s lovely great-soul'd QUEEN
Sublimely knelt, and snatch'd from blushing Fate
The Godlike victims of her *Edward*'s hate.
Thou, at AONIA's sacred feet
Wilt duly pour libations meet;
I, roam o'er GALLIA's sportive plains,
Where thoughtless Pleasure ever reigns.

But 'tis not sportive GALLIA's plains,
Tho' Pleasure there for ever reigns,
Which promises the boasted bliss——
No, BARD BELOV'D! the hope is this,
That there thy footsteps I may tread,
Press the same turf where sunk thy head;
Sip the quick stream thy thirst hath slaked,
And greet the Dawn where thou hast waked——
Fancy'ng her waves of mazy gold
Ne'er with such rich refulgence roll'd;
And when her tints of various dye
Burst from the pallid sickly sky,
There rush in violet, *there* in green,
Here in soft red imbue the scene;

Then lose themselves by growing bright,
'Till swallow'd up in one vast flood of light—
Thus shall I say, HE saw her rays,
Thus was HE rous'd t' adore and praise!

Oh SYMPATHY, *of birth divine,*
Descend, and round my heart-strings twine!
Touch the fine nerve whene'er I breathe
Where DELLA CRUSCA dropt his wreath!
Lead me the *sacred way* of ROME,
Lead me to kneel at *Virgil*'s tomb,
Where he th' enduring marble round
With fresh wove laurels, graceful bound.
Then guide where still with sweeter note
Than flow'd from *Petrarch*'s tuneful throat,
On *Laura*'s grave he pour'd the lay
Amidst the sighs of sinking day:
Then point where on the sod his tear
Fell from its chrystal source so clear,
That there my mingling tear may sink,
And the same dust its moisture drink.

Thus dying Swans are said to sing,
And their last breath in numbers fling
O'er the dear liquid shining plains,
Which nurs'd their joys, and sooth'd their pains.
Like them my Muse pines fast away,
And this her last, her closing day.

When one blest word her lips hath seal'd,
In lasting silence she'll be veil'd.
Expiring, still her note's the same,
She murmurs DELLA CRUSCA's *name!*——
The SACRED WORD! ye heard it spoke;——
Her Book is clos'd—her Lyre is broke!

ANNA MATILDA.

May 20, 1788.

A

TALE

FOR

JEALOUSY.

A Recent Event in CATALONIA.

LOUD shriek'd the wind; hoarse struck the hour,
When from his couch, *Alphonso* rose;
Bedeck'd with gold his splendid bower——
Gold, had his couch, but not *repose!*

The Night sat brooding on the hill:
Beneath, the sable rivers roll'd,
Not *glist'ring*, now, the tinkling rill;——
Its stream opaque, its spirit cold.

His chamber, long with restless feet
The Lord *Alphonso* travers'd o'er;
Here once he tasted slumbers sweet,
But slumber sweet he knows no more!

His rous'd domestics strait obey
The signal of their Lord, unlov'd;
Their torches flash a second day,
As thro' the costly rooms they mov'd.

His favourite, from th' obsequious train
Was to his inmost closet led;
There heard confess'd the am'rous pain
Which tore him from his midnight bed.

Oh, thou wert near, *Alphonso* cries,
When in the progress late we made,
Gonsalvo's daughter in our eyes
Made every other virgin fade.

Her noble mien, her blushes mild,
The burnish of her tresses bright;
Her age——but just no longer Child,
Her rosy mouth, her graceful height;

All these have in my time-worn heart,
Lighted a youthful, am'rous fire——
I sink beneath the poignant smart,
I faint with eager, strong desire.

Oft did I try her soul to melt,
But ign'rant she of Cupid's pow'r—
His ecstacies she never felt——
But now is come her fated hour.

With flames illicit I essay'd
To touch her iced, unwaken'd heart;
Let Hymen sooth the bashful maid,
She'll *waken'd*, play a softer part.

Strait to her father's, speed thy way,
The fleetest mules with haste prepare;
And ere to-morrow scants his day,
Thou'lt reach the village of my fair.

These pearls, these di'monds, speak my truth,
Woo her with *treasures* to my arms;
When love no longer boasts of youth,
Riches may plead their meaner charms.

Oh how unlike the rapturous hour,
When love is bought by love alone;
When a soft look, a touch, a flower,
Is prized beyond IND's brightest stone.

But go, and to her parents bear
Thy Lord's designs—his hopes unfold;
Plead with due force his meaning fair,
And in thy promises be bold.

Much more, the Lord *Alphonso* spoke;
His servant's mind the whole retains,
Whose lashes soon the mules provoke;
The mules skim o'er the distant plains.

Th' awaken'd night with streaks of gold
Her jetty robes begun to lace;
Her drowsy car far off she roll'd——
The blithe Sun urging to the race;

And ere his wheels had run behind
The western mountain's giddy slope;
Julia, with meekness all resign'd,
Had listen'd to *Alphonso*'s hope.

Not so resign'd, but that her thought
Recoil'd at such unequal love,
Till by parental wisdom taught,
She learn'd to bear, and then approve.

The Sire attends his darling child,
For so *Alphonso*'s pride allows;
And with the transport almost wild,
Saw her receive a Grandee's vows.

He saw that form where speaking grace
Gave soul to beauty most refin'd,
The robe of dignity embrace,
By taste magnificent design'd.

Her hair, which floated o'er her dress,
A dress, which to be *seen* demands
Its rich luxuriance to repress,
They tie in folds with diamond bands.

But the soft curls which hap'ly fell
Upon her bosom's heaving snow,
Were suffer'd there, unbound, to dwell,
And spread their wavy golden glow.

Thus the fond parent saw her rove
Thro' gaudy halls and rooms of state;
Whilst humble trains at distance wait,
And from her nod receive their fate.

Succinct the time in which such joy
Around his aged heart might play;
Bitter, oh! bitter the allay!
And set full soon is Pleasure's day:

For Lord *Alphonso* names the hour,
When he the sumptuous dome must quit,
And seek again the humble bower——
For birth like his a mansion fit:

Tells him to take a last farewell,
Of her more dear than sense or light;
Bids him ne'er hope again to dwell
Where filial *Julia* bless'd his sight.

His daughter, overwhelm'd with woe,
The haughty cruel order hears;
She sees her mournful parent go,
And bathes his last steps with her tears.

Now slow, and sadden'd, rolls the time
Which late flew rapid with delight;
Heedless is she of Morning's prime,
Nor hails the soft approach of Night.

Her only solace was to roam
Midst the deep wood's embosom'd calm,
Where distant from her gaudy home
Meek solitude bestow'd its balm.

There, on a river's fringy side,
Which snatch'd her breath as stealing by,
She'd watch its curl'd, unequal glide,
And swell with her's the zephyr's sigh.

Mark with what truth it objects drew,
When *ruffling zephyr* ceas'd to breathe,
Its surface polish'd to the view——
A *phantom forest* underneath.

Two drooping willows there display'd
Their foliage to the painting wave;
Which in their pensive green array'd
Would still their jutting bare roots lave.

These, by her hands, in garlands dress'd,
She'd sometimes chide the low bent branch,
Which would its blooming fragrant vest
Upon th' escaping river launch.

Thus was she one bright eve employ'd,
Whilst carols sad her sweet voice sung;
Evening's own bird her note enjoy'd——
When from its shades a soldier sprung.

His form, like that *Apollo* wears,
When from his bow the swift dart sings;
Or when the discus thro' the air
With equal force and grace he flings.

Martial his step; his beamy eye
Bright as fair *Julia*'s own appears;
Strait to each other's arms they fly——
They mingle joy—they mingle tears.

'Twas *Julia*'s brother whom she saw,
'Twas *Julia* whom her brother press'd;
Both dear by Nature's dearest law,
For twins they were, who thus caress'd.

From *Calpe*'s glorious rock he came—
Immortal monument decreed
Of English ELIOTT's laurel'd name;
Where English heroes oft shall bleed.

And there his blood did *Gusman* shed
Amongst the boldest ever found,
By sacred thirst of honour led——
Nor shunn'd the deaths that flew around.

But when bright Peace her silver flute
Had sounded thro' wide Europe's skies,
And when the voice of war was mute,
Sped by fond duty, home he flies.

There he first learn'd his sister's fate,
How elevated—and how curst!
Heard, that amidst her brilliant state
Her heart consuming sorrow nurst.

Her husband's tyrant law reveal'd,
No dear relation to behold;
Oblig'd him thus in shades conceal'd,
His sister to his heart to fold.

And oft he mourn'd her cruel lot,
And oft he dried her tears away,
When from the interesting spot
They each were warn'd by closing day.

Adieu, my *Gusman*, *Julia* cries!
Yet let me see thee, once again;
To-morrow bless thy sister's eyes,
Then seek our dear paternal plain:

From forth my little treasur'd hoard,
Fond tokens to my mother bear;
No miser is my cruel Lord,
And gifts, like these, I well can spare.

Gusman, with pure, fraternal love,
Kiss'd either beauteous, *fading* cheek,
Vowing, when Morn shou'd light the grove,
In its mild haunts her steps he'd seek.

Now Evening hung its silv'ry dews,
On every shrub that deck'd the glades;
And fainter scents the flowers effuse——
As loth to greet with sweets, her shades.

Oft had fair *Julia* linger'd there
In hours like these——and traced the beam,
Which sent from Luna's brilliant sphere,
Shot thro' the wood a *shiver'd* gleam.

Mark'd how each sound, stole soft away,
As gliding off to shores more bright;
Bribed by the gaudy tumid day,
To fly the dove-ey'd, tender night.

By *Julia* these are all forgot,
For pleasure hath her soul suffused;
Blind to the beauties of the spot,
She deigns not now to be *amused*.

Braced with young joy, the sportive fawn
Pursues her dam, with motion fleet,
Regardless of the sprinkled lawn
That weaves its flowers around her feet.

So speeds the fair one to her home,
Whose towers return the moon's broad glare;
Whilst to point out the distant dome,
They flash their gold vanes thro' the air.

On her soft pillow soon reclin'd,
Round her, the slumbers spun their veil;
And o'er her placid gentle mind,
The softest dreams their phantoms steal.

At Morning's dawn, her Lord commands,
Her placid slumbers must be broke;
He grasp'd in his her trembling hands,
He led her forth, but never spoke.

And oh! these horrid sounds, she cried——
Those piteous shrieks, which tear the ear!
With terror struck, she faintly sigh'd,
And sunk, at length, o'erpower'd with fear.

He dragg'd her on; the screams of pain,
More piercing as they nearer grow,
Left her scarce power to sustain
Her crimson life's unequal flow.

There, wretch, behold! *Alphonso* cried,
As wide he threw the grating gate:
There feast thy loose adulterous eyes,
See there, thy paramour's just fate!

There, stretch'd upon the racking wheel,
She saw her brother's tortur'd form;
From his torn flesh the jagged steel,
Bade rush the blood, with life yet warm.

She *saw*—but oh! she spoke no more!
The agony too fierce to bear;
Groaning she sunk upon the floor,
And breath'd her spirit on the air.

Sister! the writhing *Gusman* said——
Oh, Sister! plead—then swoon'd with pain!
On his gash'd bosom sunk his head,
His limbs convuls'd, the cords still strain.

Alphonso, when he heard the sound,
Leapt sudden to the deathful wheel;
With eager haste the youth's unbound,
And stern *Alphonso* learns to feel.

He raves, he sinks, he strikes his breast,
But oh! the guilty deed is past,
The victims pure are now at rest——
Thy tortures shall for ever last!

Vain is all art, for life no more
Can lift their pulse, their cheeks can paint;
Thou'st freed their souls, they quit the shore——
Each seeks its God——a murder'd Saint!

There, tyrant, lie! and let the fangs
Of deep remorse thy bosom tear!
Each wak'ning morn awake new pangs——
Teach thee to pity, and despair!

AMBITIOUS VENGEANCE;

A

TRAGIC-DRAMA.

IN THREE ACTS.

BY

DELLA CRUSCA.

AMBITIOUS VENGEANCE;

A

TRAGIC-DRAMA.

CHARACTERS.

CLOTILDA, *Mother of Alberto.*
THERESA, *Duchess of Milan.*
LUCINDA, *an attendant Lady.*

ALBERTO, *Bastard of the late Duke of Milan.*
PRINCE CARLO, *Son of the King of Naples.*
ARNALDI, *a distressed Nobleman.*
ANTONIO, *Companion of Carlo.*
Neapolitan Lord.

SCENE *in and near Milan.*

AMBITIOUS VENGEANCE;

A

TRAGIC-DRAMA.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in the Ducal Palace at Milan. THERESA, CLOTILDA, ALBERTO, and others, composing a Court.

THERESA.

Now thriving peace scatters her lib'ral stores
O'er happy Lombardy; the Peasant now
May careless carol to the morning breeze,
As on he drives his ploughshare's patient toil,
Nor dread the rapine, nor the rage of war.
Returning Autumn shall not force the sigh
From his torn breast, nor leave him to deplore
His ruin'd olives, and his rifled vines.
No more, Alberto! we demand thy aid
To lead our valiant troops to victory;
But still Theresa claims her brother's care.
Yes, I require thy counsel, to direct

* This Tragic-Drama was written prior to any of the other Poems.

My maiden weakness; it is thou must curb
The womanish spirit in me, teach me how
To govern wisely, steadily, and justly:
Consult the people's good, and rule in mercy.
So shall we be in fact two sovereigns,
The real thou, and I th' ostensible.

Alb. 'Twere better, gen'rous sister! thou should'st choose
Some youthful prince of honour, and renown,
To share the splendid toil of government,
And be thy wedded friend, than stoop to me,
A heedless soldier, hot, impolitic;
O rather think of Naples' royal heir,
Illustrious Carlo! let your charms reward
His well-prov'd valour, for in him unites
All that is noble, worthy, and engaging;
Then is it just and proper he receive
All that is virtuous, lovely, and benign.
Perchance, his last year's residence at Milan
Gave thee occasion to remark him well,
And to esteem his matchless excellence.
What says Theresa?—why that rising blush?

Ther. I thank thy kind attention, good Alberto!
And feel the pointed merriment; but yet
Methinks, I shall prefer my single state,
Which is, perhaps, best suited to my mind,
And gives me greater pow'r to do thee service.

Alb. O let no thought of me impede thy bliss,

For I am unambitious, and require
But ease, and freedom, with society;
And be assured my wishes were complete
In my dear sister's nuptial happiness.
Clot. How! [*Aside.*
Ignoble youth! thou should'st aspire to all.
Ther. Thou too, my father's well-belov'd Clotilda!
Shalt not regret, or splendor, or respect,
Due to thy merit, and my father's mem'ry.
Unslacken'd honour shall attend thy steps,
And thy heart's ev'ry wish be gratified.
Clot. Gracious Theresa!
Alas! my tongue wants pow'r to speak my thanks.
Say'st thou, my wishes gratified! but that [*Aside.*
Can never be, while humbled by thy bounty.
Ther. And you, the lords and ladies of my court!
Show me how best I may express my love,
And gain your hearts, and that way I'll pursue.
Yet, yet I feel it is most arduous
To rule and satisfy, for all have views
To aggrandize themselves, while those who fail
In rising to the summit of their aim,
Turn bitt'rest enemies; nay, I fear that most
Hate whom they flatter, and the giddy crowd
Wish for eternal change. Naught can suffice
To gratify ambition's endless rage,
To fill the coffers of pale avarice,
Or deal out favours with so rich a hand

To equal each man's wishes; for, alas!
The sovereign pow'r is bounded, whereas hope
Is without bounds, and each succeeding day
Bestows fresh force, and heightens its impatience.

Alb. Thou reason'st wisely, and with truth, Theresa!
But how didst thou acquire such sage reflection?

Ther. Oft would our father pour into my ear
This sage instruction, which I still received
With due attention, tho' with heavy heart.
Nor can I choose but tremble, when I think
That all the pow'r of evil, and of good,
Centres in me; each error I commit,
Loads me with secret curses, and vile hate.
Yet will I labour for the gen'ral good,
And my intention shall at least be pure,
So those, alas! I may not chance to please,
Shall but unjustly murmur.

Clot. Long may'st thou reign in glory, royal maid!
And acting from such gen'rous sentiment,
Revive the sad, and suff'ring multitude,
Like Heaven's fresh dew that cheers the languid plain.
O that the dew of Heav'n might fall to night [*Aside.*
Upon thy sepulchre.

Ther. But yet, Clotilda! I could wish to be
Placed in a station not so eminent,
Where all my weakness, and perhaps my faults,
Would neither injure, trouble, nor offend.
Born in some humble cottage, I had known

No wild commotion of exalted care,
But cheerful hied me forth at early morn,
Tho' the bleak north-wind swept the mountain's side;
Or when warm summer sooth'd the vocal grove,
At ruddy eve, my occupation done,
Have jocund danc'd upon the verdant lawn.

Alb. Thou would'st have been a charming shepherdess,
Driving with flow'ry crook thy whiten'd flock
To crop the wild thyme on the fragrant down,
And list the humming bell, that seems to shake
The distant dome, and with sad-ling'ring note
Pants on the dying gale. Young Carlo, too,
Should have been there, a gentle, rural swain,
To take his plaintive pipe, and fondly pour
The song of suff'rance, to subdue thy heart;
Or have been seen at infant dawn's first gleam,
Carving thy name upon the polish'd beech,
The boast, the wonder of the rustic race,
For comeliness, and manly strength, and song.

Ther. Nor would it have displeas'd me, for truly
I think there does not live a nobler youth.
His actions vaunt, and not his tongue, of glory.
Gen'rous as love, and stranger to offence,
He wins each heart, nor proudly e'er pretends
To gain by mimic affability:
The common error of our princely tribe!

Unmatch'd in virtue, sense, and dignity,
And ev'ry charm of youthful manliness.
If aught that's mortal can approach perfection,
'Tis Carlo—and I do not blush to own it.

Alb. This honest frankness well becomes thee, sister!
And gives a sweeter lustre to thine eye,
Than all the tricks of timid bashfulness.
I much rejoice that he will soon be here,
For well I know, his promise is an oath
He would not break for worlds; then let me hope
His meed may be thy hand, and more thy heart.

Ther. Thanks for thy mirthful wishes, but at present
I shall retire; and recollect, Clotilda!
Thou mayst command my utmost pow'r to serve thee,
Now fare ye well awhile. [*Exit.*

The court retires. *Manent* CLOTILDA *and* ALBERTO.

Clot. [*Aside.*] It is thy death I would command, and that
I will procure without thy kind consent——
Besides, methinks, when royal Carlo here
Shall sway the sceptre as thy wedded lord,
The pow'r of serving me will be transferr'd
To him, who, should caprice incline, may veil
In clouds and darkness all my starry hopes,

And, scorning the condition of my baseness,
Breed a dire tempest o'er my hated head.
I must a speedy vengeance execute.

Alb. Thou seem'st absorb'd in anxious thought, Clotilda.

Clot. I have at times a wand'ring mind, and oft
Imagination, with her fairy train,
Leads me to fountains, or enamell'd meads,
To cull an humble garland of fresh flow'rs.
Or, on the promontory's height, I seem
To wander at the midnight hour, and catch
The thrilling sounds of the far distant wreck.
The voice of coming war, with sudden burst,
Perhaps then strikes my ear: Anon, I view
The ransack'd town, the agonizing band
Of hapless females with dishevell'd locks,
Piercing the air with cries; and then, methinks,
I am a queen, and hush their clam'rous fears,
Change desp'rate terror into rapt'rous joy,
And govern with a prosp'rous moderation.
When thus my mind's bewilder'd, I remain
Lively, or sad, or fix'd in solemn thought,
As the wild-woven visions interest.

Alb. Much, much I fear that something troubles thee,
For I have oftentimes observed of late,
Thou'rt absent e'en amidst society;
As tho' the busy lab'ring of thy breast,

Taught thee to scorn attentive ceremony.
O pr'ythee dissipate the low'ring gloom
That hangs oppressive on thy pensive spirits,
And deck thy face in smiles and gentleness:
For all should smile beneath Theresa's reign.

[*Exit.*

CLOTILDA *sola.*

I doubt Alberto's unaspiring nature
May not be roused to deeds of dreadful greatness:
True he is brave, and no mean personal fear
E'er touch'd his heart, yet will he surely shrink
From treach'rous daring, and intrepid crime.
Then let me not unbosom me to him,
But mask th' intention from his piercing eyes,
And be myself the bloody executor,
So he in tranquil innocence shall enjoy
The dazzling 'vantage of supreme command.

Enter ARNALDI.

Arn. Not always thus in humble garb array'd,
I trod with timid step these spacious halls.
But time, that fleets along on restless wing,
Bears human happiness for e'er away,
So has it mine.—Yet will I seek Clotilda,
For once she did not scorn me; hah! 'tis she,
Alone in deep reflection; the hour suits well.—
Madam! if wretchedness may plead excuse

For this abrupt intrusion, I surely
May be forgiven, for alas! my woes
Are seldom parallel'd. Hither I come
To throw me at your feet, implore your aid
To lift me from a state of grov'ling sorrow,
And bid returning fortune smile upon me.

Clot. I know thee not, intruder! quit my sight.

Arn. I am Arnaldi, fallen, lost Arnaldi!
Who once enjoy'd your tenderness and friendship.

Clot. I do remember, and now greet thee kindly;
Then give thy woes an utterance.

Arn. It is thou
Canst turn the youthful mind of fair Theresa
To justice and compassion, tell her, that
There was a time, when splendidly I flourish'd
In the bright ray of our late sov'reign's favour;
His confidant, and friend; until at length
By treachery undermin'd, by malice ruin'd,
Each post of profit, and of high import,
Forc'd I resign'd, and uncondemn'd I bear
The stigma of suspicion. Then I found
My youthful patrimony, near consum'd,
Was all that I retain'd, which scarcely serves
To conquer hunger, and subdue my thirst,
Or throw a rustic cov'ring o'er my limbs.
O Madam! think how cruel 'tis to bear
Such sad reverse of fortune; fallen thus
From wealth and pow'r, to lowest poverty.

Clot. [*Aside.*] This man may suit my purpose;—true Arnaldi!
I have full oft deplored thy fate, and pray'd
A pardon for thee, tho' I pray'd in vain.
And when thy house was humbled, and thyself
Thrown unregarded on the scornful world,
I wept the suff'rance I could not prevent:
For thou hadst always interest in my thoughts.
But say, Arnaldi! has thy silent scorn,
Or open satire, e'er provok'd Theresa?

Arn. With all humility, and loyal heart,
I look'd for justice from her hand, but ne'er
Disclos'd the bitter anguish of my soul
By mark'd disdain, or public murmuring.

Clot. O then it is most marvellous, to see
How she abhors thy name; within her breast,
Th' apparent seat of mercy, and of love,
Dwell rancour, and destructive cruelty.
Thou might'st as easy check the ebbing force
Of foamy Neptune with thy naked breast,
As try to bid her settled hate subside.
I fear, my friend! that greater grief awaits thee,
And not forgiveness.

Arn. O Heavens!

Clot. Yet, yet methinks, there is a road may lead
Thy footsteps to prosperity; but perhaps
Thou with a coward's patience dost prefer
To bear thy wrongs, than manfully avenge them.

O canst thou, nurs'd in wealth, and train'd to glory,
Accustom'd to behold a cringing crowd
Court thy protecting smile, and bend before thee,
Now wander up and down, in threadbare sorrow,
This alter'd town, to meet the cold neglect
Of unobserving greatness, and encounter
The wretch's humour of equality?
Were thy lot mine, far other thoughts would rouse
My burning breast, and settled deep revenge
Should be the polar star to guide my course
Thro' the rough waves of mis'ry and despair.

Arn. Nor is my mind dead to a glorious vengeance,
Did any luring prospect of success,
Or hopes of happier days encourage it.

Clot. That's nobly said, pursue th' heroic thought;
And if thou find but any means to crush
The glitt'ring asp that lurks on Milan's throne,
That midst the fragrant flow'rs of courtesy
Prepares to wound us all with venom'd sting,
I here pronounce thy fortunes shall be raised
To their accustom'd splendor, for the deed
Will place the scepter in Alberto's hand,
And I can bend his pliant disposition
To my desires. If I but give the word,
My enemies shall vanish from my sight,
Like earthly mists before the morning blast;
And where I point my favour, shall descend
A copious show'r of all-refreshing bounty.

Arn. Thy words, thus pouring on my heart, are oil
That makes the latent fire rush forth in blaze:
Give thy commands, and I with promptitude,
And steady resolution, will perform them,
Whatever they may be. Acquainted long
With narrow suff'rance, pains contemptible,
And all the rending littleness of want,
I gaze upon a greatly impious deed,
And think it glory: fear alike is fled
With moulder'd wealth, and faded reputation.
Then bid me seek the solitary cave,
Where sleeps the brinded wolf in grim repose,
To drag him forth, and I'll not hesitate;
Or plant a dagger in the lily breast
Of timid innocence, and I'll obey thee.

Clot. We must be speedy in all desp'rate acts——
Consider wisely, firmly execute.——
Receive this key, it opes a secret door
In the lone wall near St. Antonio's dome;
Thence comes a secret passage to my chamber;
Which thou wilt traverse, at the silent hour,
When solemn Midnight spreads her dark'ning wings;
And naught is heard, save the fierce felon's tread
Pacing to meet his comrades; O Arnaldi!
Haste to me then, and let thy bosom burn
With dire revenge, and unrelenting rage,

For I shall have an action to propose,
That will require a heart of adamant.
Arn. Doubt me not,
I am not to be shaken; but explain.——
Clot. Are we unnoticed, hangs no list'ning ear
Attentive on the purport of my words?
Know then, I will prepare a cordial drink
Shall calm for e'er Theresa's restless spirit:
The which thy hand shall minister.—How's this?
Thy abject eye seems bursting with dismay,
And pallid terror trembles on thy cheek;
Hast thou forgot her hatred, and thy wrongs,
Or certain recompense I promised?
Arn. No,
I am wound up to execute; my soul
Recoil'd a moment from the dire attempt,
And now returns again with double firmness.
But how shall I gain entrance to her bed?
Clot. She occupies the chamber of her father,
From mine to which there is a hidden way,
The duke's contrivance, only known to me,
Made for convenience of our sportful hours.
So shalt thou gain admittance to thy prey,
And from behind the arras steal upon her;
Then either force her drain th' oblivious cup,
Or fix a mortal poignard in her heart.
I would myself have done it; but I fear
A momentary weakness of my sex

Might shake my purpose, at the very time
When hesitation would be my destruction.
This faithfully perform'd, thou shalt be raised
To Milan's proudest honours, and thy house
Shall back retort the scorn it has received,
Upon the heads of all thy enemies.

Arn. This night it shall be done; and why should I
Let weak compassion turn me from the deed?
For none can pity me! then let me wade
With daring step thro' crimes, until I reach
The wish'd-for port, when, like the fortunate,
I'll damn the humble villain, turn to scorn
The baleful vices of necessity,
And grant no virtue in the man that errs,
Whate'er the fatal cause or circumstance.

Clot. Thou hast much injury t' inflame thy rage,
And I to urge it, as thou soon shalt know;
But leave me now, Arnaldi! lest my son
Chance to return, and to behold thee here,
Might raise suspicion to disturb hereafter.
Has no one mark'd thy entrance?

Arn. O no; disguised in poverty, I passed
With others thro' the gate, while the stern guard
Disdain'd to challenge such a wretch as I.
All unobserv'd I hither bent my course.

Clot. Then hasten to yon chamber for a while,
There lie conceal'd, and I will meet thee soon;
When we will sagely meditate, and prepare

The necessary prelude to our greatness.
Thence thou may'st hie thee home the way I mention'd,
And so return at midnight.

Arn. It shall be done. [*Exit.*

Clot. So pliant is the virtue of the poor,
The fallen poor, who once have known the sweets
Of better time; not those, whose industry,
Tho' hardly exercised in humblest toil,
Gives daily bread, and careless independence.
'Tis well I profit by this wretch's want,
And save myself the horror of the deed.
No longer Milan's sceptre shall elude
Alberto's grasp, for on Theresa's death
He is th' appointed heir, and must be duke.
O sable Night! bring quick th' important hour
To ratify th' intent; for thou, dread queen!
Altho' to frequency of crimes inured,
Shalt view an act of gloomiest dignity.
So when thy rival, fresh Aurora, opes
Her laughing eyes beneath the front of Heaven,
She shall behold Clotilda's pow'r complete.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Bed-chamber in the Palace. CLOTILDA sola. A Lamp burning.

CLOTILDA.

Is it, alas!
The penalty and sad concomitant of guilt,
That time for ever now must labour on,
With secret workings of unbosom'd pain?
Ah no! the tyrant conscience soon throws by
His blunted shafts, and reason laughs to scorn
Each servile fear.—He said it should be done
Ere light appear'd, nor is the day yet broke,
Nor have the busy race of toil begun
Their early murmurings; Milan's late-throng'd streets
Seem like some lonely cloister's pensive aisles.
Perhaps th' attempt has fail'd, then dark despair
And shame must fall upon me; and my son
Bow the base knee to his own father's daughter,
Because her birth was sanction'd by the priest,

And his unlicens'd. O forbid it pride!
Ambition too prevent it!—Ha! who's there?

Enter ALBERTO.

Alb. O grant me pardon, mother, at this hour!——
What means that start, the look of wild dismay,
This early watchfulness? 'tis very strange!
Clot. Be not surprized,
For often when the night-flies break my rest,
Or shrill winds whistle, or the cricket cries,
I quit an irksome bed, and to and fro
Traverse my room till day-light, fancy then
Teems with wild thought, and each slight noise alarms me.
But, say, my son! at this unusual hour,
Why dost thou seek me?—for tho' always joy
Attends thy presence, now 'tis mix'd with wonder.
Would he were gone before Arnaldi comes. [*Aside.*
Alb. After you left the table, for a while
Theresa staid, being in merry mood;
And by her gay discourse, and artless wit,
Won ev'ry hearer's love; the old she charm'd,
Pointing her mirthful satire at the vain,
The foplings of her court; while they themselves,
For some were present, laugh'd with willing heart,
To find their foibles drolly singular;
For in her ridicule was no disgrace.

The spacious hall, with echo of her praise
Resounded; when I, with voice prophetic,
Cried, to retort her humour, gentle sister!
Would princely Carlo were but here to tame thee!

Clot. And canst thou thus lavish thy praises forth
On her, who marrs thy fortune?

Alb. Attend the sequel,—scarce had she retired,
When thro' the palace arch, with rattling hoof,
A swift steed brings the wish'd-for messenger;
For 'twas with news of Carlo that he came.
By this, the prince is near, for day and night
He has pursued his journey, like a lover
Warm and sincere, and worthy of Theresa.
These tidings pleased me so, I would not sleep,
But rather chose with watchful readiness,
To wait the coming of my friend, my brother.

Clot. Thy friend! thy brother!

Alb. My friend he is, for we have fought together!
And will be soon my brother! but, Clotilda!
Excuse my rash intrusion, since you know
The rapt'rous cause that urged it.

Clot. O! call it not intrusion, for the tidings
Have struck me deeply—with delight—but now
I must require thee—leave me to repose—
That sinking nature claims.

Alb. You do well,
Compose yourself a little, for you're pale,
And something overpow'rs you; when you're better,

Go to Theresa, 'tis a pleasing task,
And wake the heav'nly maid to love and transport.
Meanwhile I'll hasten to prepare a welcome
For noble-minded Carlo—so adieu. [*Exit.*

Clot. Thanks to indulgent fortune thou art gone;—
How did thy presence, at this pregnant time
Of busy mischief, shake each secret nerve.
'Tis very like, perhaps I'm pale—O Chance!
This is thy cruel sport, young Carlo comes
Flush'd with the mingled, pleasing expectation,
To wed Theresa, and to reign in Milan.
But he shall find her in the arms of Death;
And the proud dukedom fallen to my son
By legal course; for so his father will'd,
In case the maiden died. Yet 'tis unlucky,
For the too prying prince, burning with love,
And stung to fury by his baffled hopes,
May happen to suspect; well let him then,
For I will 'scape suspicion, my hot tears
Shall glide unnumber'd, and my sea-like breast
Shall labour with a tempest of affliction,
'Till half the pity to Theresa due,
Be turn'd on me her melancholy mourner.
But O! perhaps she lives, Arnaldi's false—
If so, ambition be his curse, for then
My schemes are vain, Alberto's greatness gone.——
Now, now he comes, my fate is on his lips.

Enter ARNALDI, *by a private door.*

Arn. Theresa sleeps for ever!

Clot. 'Tis well, but tell me all.

Arn. 'Twas three hours after midnight, as thou know'st,
When with a creeping sacrilegious step
The private stairs I mounted to her chamber.
Just as I pass'd the opening tow'rds the garden,
Methought her father's spectre threat'ned me,
And as I cautious turn'd thy traitor key,
The lonely Night-fowl shriek'd the note of death;
Then my limbs trembled, and my hair uprose.

Clot. Didst thou recoil?

Arn. I paused a moment only, and then enter'd—
But O! what forceful language can describe
The innocent beauty of the sleeping fair! [heart,
Hadst thou been there, it would have chang'd thy
And melted thee to mercy.

Clot. Is she not dead then?

Arn. The quiv'ring lamp, as conscious of the deed,
E'en strove to hide its light; and the carv'd cupids
That adorn her bed, seem'd to plead for her.

Clot. Didst thou refuse?

Arn. No, I determin'd stood,
Like some relentless tyger of the desart,
To gaze awhile upon my destin'd prey.

Clot. And when you woke her, was she not in fear?
Arn. Her cheek grew whiter than her throbbing breast,
Her eye look'd frantic, and with falt'ring tongue
She cried, What wouldst thou here? I answer'd,
Peace, listen, and obey,—accept this cup,
Thy brother's mother sends it. Here she scream'd,
Then with uplifted dagger I pursued;
Shriek not, Theresa—or within thy heart
This steel shall rankle; since thou needs must die,
Drain the calm cup, and die without a pain.
Clot. And so she drank it?
Arn. After a show'r of tears, and many prayers,
To change my stubborn heart,
Finding all hope was vain, she drank it up:
Implored forgiveness on thy head and mine,
Then turn'd her with a piteous sigh, and slept.
Clot. What made thee loiter when the act was o'er?
Arn. A giddy horror seized my brain, and then
Cold fearful stupor sunk me to the floor;
Where long I lay, if so my absence seem.
When sense renew'd the consciousness of crime,
I with a coward's agitated step,
Quitted the murder'd loveliness of virtue,
And hither came to tear my villain's hair,
Beat my mean breast, and curse my poverty.
Clot. Thanks to thy manly firmness, bold Arnaldi!
Which let no idle agony disgrace;——
Hast thou not heard of Carlo's near arrival?

Arn. Of Carlo's near arrival, sayst thou? no;
That may promote enquiry, and breed danger.
Clot. To us it cannot, we are sov'reign now,
And Justice waits our nod; but yet beware,
Nor ever in discourse appear mysterious;
But mask thy secret thoughts with open brow.
And when at table, or in public talk,
Cold Observation whispers forth his doubts,
And Malice prattles of Theresa's death;
Bestow a casual heed, but no remarks;
Like one to whom such great events import not.
Soon as the gen'ral wonder shall subside,
And new ideas turn to common thoughts;
When brave Alberto shall be firmly fix'd
Upon the throne, thy recompense shall come.
Arn. I trust me to thy bounty and protection.
Clot. Expect thy just reward.
Arn. So fare thee well. [*Exit.*
Clot. And thou shalt have thy just reward, Arnaldi!
For to thy guard I will not trust my honour,
Hard-hearted murderer! thou canst nothing urge
In poor extenuation of thy deed
But avarice, and base servility;
While I can plead, in the dark act's excuse,
Maternal love, ambition, pride, and hate.
Then shall thy death appease Theresa's shade,
And thus my justice wipe away my crime.

Now will I seek my couch, that when the news
Of young Theresa's death shall shake the palace,
I may be found in seeming calm repose.

[CLOTILDA throws herself upon the Bed, and the Scene closes.

SCENE II.

In the Palace.

Enter ALBERTO, *and a Neapolitan Lord.*

Alb. Left you his highness far behind, my lord?

Lord. Another hour will bring him to your gates,
And willingly he speeds, for he admires
The hospitable manners of your town,
Your beauteous ladies, and your valiant youths.
Yet most his spirit languishes to view
Your royal sister,—her he loves sincere,
And her alone; but eight short months are gone
Since last he left her; yet he oft will talk
Of ages past in absence. The gay court
Of Naples found him, on return, no more
The laughter-loving prince, who sported wild
Midst social mirth, and liveliest dissipation,
But sad, and pensive; fond of solitude,
He only chose to seek the cypress grove,

What time unruffled evening's dewy hand
Bedecks in blushing robe her fav'rite star.

Alb. 'Tis true he loves,
Oft have I seen him dwell with raptur'd eye
On every varying charm of fair Theresa——
Nor does he need our pity.——It were well
She knew of his approach, lest joy, perchance,
To meet him unexpected, should appear
Like sorrow, and dissolve in tears.
Who waits there?

Enter Attendant.

Alb. Go tell the ladies of her highness' chamber
To give her information when she wake,
That royal Carlo hastens to her court.

Attend. It shall be so, my Lord.

Alb. O! he's a noble, and a gen'rous youth,
Open of heart, benevolent, and valiant.

Lord. Next to Theresa, most he loves Alberto,
And boasts thy friendship with a manly pride,
Protesting in the circle of this world,
For virtue, honour, spirit, feeling, truth,
There lives not thy superior.

Alb. His praise to merit, and to share his friendship,
Is all I ask, and the chief bliss I wish him,
The dear possession of Theresa's beauty:
For she is as the counterpart of him,
Lovely and perfect.

Enter LUCINDA.

Luc. O direful fate, O miserable hour!
She's gone, she's gone, dead, dead! [*Faints.*
Alb. Dead, dead! Ah who! what dost thou mean, Lucinda?
Now she revives, down, down my breaking heart!
Luc. Alas! Alberto, must I tell thee all,
And plant a dagger in thy soul, but O!
My royal mistress, thy beloved sister,
Is lost, is gone for ever!
Alb. Theresa dead! speak not the fatal word!
My tender sister, my fond heart's delight!
And must my Carlo thus be welcom'd here,
Feel what I feel? there's madness in the thought!
And have I 'scaped the rage of war for this?
Lord. Too much I prove the anguish of his heart,
To offer comfort; I'll retire, and weep. [*Exit.*

Enter CLOTILDA.

Clot. Ah me, Alberto! how shall I support
These dreadful tidings? poor Theresa's death,
So unexpected, loads my heart with grief,
And turns my eyes to sluices, whence flows out
A stream of useless pity; O my son!
'Tis just we mourn, yet should we reason too.

Enter Attendant.

Attend. My Lord, prince Carlo is arrived. [*Exit.*

Alb. I cannot, will not see him; let me fly
To some cold cavern, desolate, and drear,
Far from the haunts of men, where hated light
Shall be for e'er excluded, far from love,
And social intercourse, and friendship's ties,
Where I may wander like the raging wolf,
Howling my midnight sorrows all alone.
Madam! you seem to bear this matter coolly,
And reason down your feelings, you may therefore
Receive ill-fated Carlo, and unfold
The horrible despair, while I escape
The dreadful shock to see a suff'ring friend,
Without a pow'r to help him. [*Exit.*

Clot. Gentle Lucinda! suffer not your grief
To overpower you thus, be more composed;
My bosom struggles with a cruel load,
Heavy as thine, yet will I not despair;
Despair is impious, 'tis to call in doubt
Th' eternal justice of the Lord of all.

Luc. 'Twas sad to see how tranquilly she lay,
Her features settled, not her visage chang'd,
As tho' exulting innocence had chose
To make death lovely.—O! my heart will break!
[*Exit.*

Clot. Now for another blust'ring scene with Carlo,
Of rending hair, and beating breasts, and rage,
And all is over. Yet 'tis well I've order'd
Theresa's body to be laid in peace,
'Midst the cold relicts of her ancestors. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Chamber in the Palace.

ALBERTO *solus.*

I must believe it so, for I have mark'd
Her gaze with envious eye on my poor sister,
Who never knew suspicion, or design.
Thou fain would'st make me Duke, base, base Clotilda!
Little thou knew'st my heart, if thou could'st think
That it was fashion'd so, first to approve,
And then to profit by the desp'rate act.
But from the secret longings of thy soul,
Thou didst conceive of me. Beetle-ey'd ambition,
With headlong fury, winds his eager flight
'Gainst each abhorred crime. O mother, mother!
And must I still confess myself thy son!
Had I not all the vainest could desire,
Wealth, pow'r, and honour, dignity, respect?
Plac'd in the palace, I did more than reign,
Thro' the bright medium of Theresa's virtue.

Nay, even thou wert treated like a sov'reign.
Yet, if thou'rt innocent, I suspect thee vilely!
Ah no! 'tis true beyond the hope of error,
Else why that haggard cheek, that downcast eye
With which I found thee at the very time
My hapless sister perish'd? O Clotilda!
Thou hadst much reason then to look confus'd;
Well might'st thou shake, for then the gentle maid
Perhaps was struggling with the damn'd design;
Or on her knees, in unavailing tears,
Striving to melt her butcher. Heavenly powers!
I'll see her lovely body as it lies,
The senseless prey of all-devouring death,
And should my tears permit me, will observe
If she have suffer'd aught of violence.
How did the thought escape me! Ho, who's there?

Enter Servant.

Alb. Haste, lead me to the melancholy chamber
Where lie Theresa's sad remains.

Serv. My lord! e'en now with decent privacy,
To the sepulchral vault of Milan's house,
The corse was borne by order of Clotilda,
Who said some future day should be appointed
For public rites, religious ceremony,
And the due requiem of her parted soul.

Alb. 'Tis enough! away. [*Exit Servant.*

That shall not screen thee, madam! yet indeed
'Twas wond'rous expeditious—but I'll think on't.

Enter CLOTILDA.

Clot. My son, Alberto!
Rouse from thy lethargy of grief, nor let
Thy private cares o'ercome all public spirit.
Know, that the senate wait in rev'rence due
Thy royal presence to proclaim thee duke.

Alb. How fares prince Carlo, madam?

Clot. Alas! unequal to the sudden shock,——
His reason left him, at the very time
He had most need of all his fortitude.
Strangely he rav'd with incoherent speech,
And frantic gesture; while the noble lords
Of his illustrious train, with soothing sorrow,
Convey'd him to his chamber; where they strive
To calm, and comfort him—tho' much I fear,
They long may strive in vain.

Alb. Ill-fated Carlo!
Thy suff'rance throws fresh mis'ry on my heart,
That was o'ercharg'd before. Clotilda! Madam!

Clot. My son!

Alb. Observe me well, meet with a steady look
My searching eye; nay, nay, thou dost not tremble,
Yet art thou pale;—do not turn pale, lest I
Should think thee guilty of some horrid crime.

Clot. What dost thou mean, Alberto?

Alb. Some crime so dark, so cruel, and so base,
That it must take from Heaven the right of mercy,
And doom the agent to eternal pain,
At thought of which, my op'ning pores distil
A deadly dew, and ev'ry sensible nerve
Thrills with a strange vibration.

Clot. Surely thy reason wavers also!

Alb. Mark my words,
Much do I pity those who kill'd Theresa,
But more abhor them—let not that alarm thee.
Thou art an innocent woman, and my mother,
And thou would'st wish to see thy son advanc'd,
Thyself in pow'r; but there perhaps thou'lt fail.
While all thy high-built, guilty expectations,
Shall quit thee ere the hour of consummation.

Clot. Wilt thou not deign, proud youth, to rule in Milan?

Alb. Since thou'rt so eager, madam! in this business,
Haste to the senate, make my pleasure known,
If it befit thy sex, and thy condition!
That, being troubled with a froward mind,
And little able to direct the state,
I am beside less willing—I refuse,
Without the shadow of hypocrisy,
All proffer'd honours, titles, dignities——

Clot. This grief effeminate, these grov'ling thoughts
But ill become——

Alb. Now, by my soul, tho' Milan were the world,
I would not be seduced to mount the throne.
What, shall I view my sister torn away
By ruffian violence, and shall I profit
Of the black deed?—no, hear my last resolve,
Not all the charms of fortune, or of pow'r,
Th' entreating clamours of the populace,
Nor yet my boasted right, nor more, my duty,
Shall e'er induce me to be sov'reign here.
I am a bastard of but little worth,
Yet much I fear me, worthier than my mother,
And therefore will not bring my faults to light
Amid the dazzling splendor of a throne.
Nor shall thy gentle shade, Theresa! see
Alberto rise to greatness by thy murder!

Clot. [*kneeling*] O let me thus implore thee on my knees
To act more nobly; look on her who bore thee,
And change thy———

Alb. Kneel not to me, but go and kneel to Heaven,
And do it with contrition; to obtain
Mercy, and pardon; but for me I'm fix'd——
Yet, ere we part;——Theresa's sepulture,
By thy command, so hasty, and unhonour'd,
Occasions wonder;—think upon my words. [*Exit.*

Clot. Go, vent thy malice on th' embattled plain,
Or bid thy soldiers shake. I heed thee not.
Yet dost thou scorn the dukedom, base Alberto!

Have I then loaded thus my soul with sin
To lift thee into greatness, but in vain?
And torn the sceptre from Theresa's hand,
To cast it to the people? who, beside,
Will quickly work my downfall, for they hate me,
And hitherto have paid me cold respect,
Unwillingly, because I dwelt in favour.
But since my hopes are ruin'd by my son,
Thro' mere caprice of over-acted honour,
My bright day's star is set, and I must fall.
For ever then I tear him from my love,
And here devote him to severest vengeance;
Consoling vengeance! thee I invocate,
Wrapt in terrific mystery, and rage,
To sooth me with thy horror-breathing smile;
I am thy vot'ry now, be thou my guide!

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Another Chamber in the Palace. CARLO, ANTONIO.

CARLO.

I WILL not wrong him, for I know my friend,
And that he would not act the traitor's part,
Tho' ev'ry kingdom should unite its crown
To diadem his head. Is he not brave?
And say, did ever selfish meanness dwell
In the rich circle of a brave man's heart?
Then we will join in sorrows to discover
The loathed author of our mutual woe;
The wretch, who tore Theresa from my arms,
And stole the loveliest jewel of the world.

Ant. 'Tis wisely judg'd, ne'er could Alberto stoop
To work a deed so foul.

Enter CLOTILDA.

Clot. O let me claim thy private ear a while,
Illustrious prince! for I have that to say
Requires a solemn, and severe attention.
Far better suited to my fearful tale,
Were charnels dismal, and the noon of night,
Than this refulgent cheerfulness of day.
For 'tis not crude suspicion bids me speak,
But clear and awful confirmation shakes
My agonizing breast; whereof the purport
I would disclose to thee alone.

Car. My lord! be pleased to leave us.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Clot. How strong the mother working at my heart,
Combats with justice! O, ye spirits impure!
Who hover o'er this earth, whose business is
To numb the feelings of th' assassin's soul,
Dry up each pity-flowing tear, and change
Meek nature's tenderness to cruelty.
O breathe a portion of your fury here,
That this parental weakness may not check
My duty to my country, and mankind!

Car. What means Clotilda?

Clot. I scarcely know myself, for in my mind
Confusion reigns, and unavailing grief.
Detested murder! to the common eye

That seem'st most shocking, how dost thou appear
View'd thro' the anguish of a mother's love!

Car. Alas! thy words strike terror to my soul.

Clot. Ah me! 'tis I who caus'd Theresa's death,
By bearing such a monster; so 'twere just,
I should receive the bursting punishment
Due to his crimes.

Car. Quick, quick Clotilda! free my lab'ring breast
Of this severe suspense.

Clot. In yon blue vault, methinks Theresa sits,
Calmly resplendent, as the full-orb'd moon,
When rising from the watry waste, she throws
Her lustrous pearls upon the tossing waves.
Yet sadness hangs upon the maiden's brow,
To mark the torments of her brother's guilt,
And base ambition's triumph over virtue.
Perchance, she raises now some hallow'd hymn,
'Midst glowing seraphim, and cherub pure,
T' implore the mercy of all-pitying Heaven
Upon her murderer.

Car. O speak thy thoughts, lest cruel expectation
Break my sad heart before I know the worst.

Clot. I must not, will not screen him, tho' he is
Dearer to me than life, or life's best joys.
Nor will I see his bloody hands defile
The crown of Milan—'tis Theresa's voice,
From the chill sepulchre, that cries for justice,

And I'll obey the call of her, and truth.
Know then, most royal Carlo! yesternight,
When my lov'd sov'reign took her flight to Heaven,
As chance I lay a stranger to repose,
I heard a shrill shriek issue from the chamber
Where slept the royal maid. I started up,
And op'ning cautiously my door, beheld
Alberto quit her room, with silent tread;
And as he passed me by, he inly mutter'd,
"The deed is done, my hopes are ratified!"

Car. Why didst thou not inform me so before,
At our first interview; for had I known it
One hour ago, ere this he'd been in hell.

Clot. Think on the struggles of a parent's weakness,
That could not suddenly devote her child
To sure destruction, and dark infamy.
And now I do repent of what I've done,
For desp'rate anger frowns upon thy brow,
And evil will betide him. Do not, Carlo!
Snatch my poor son from penitence, and pray'r,
For he has need of utmost length of days,
To mourn his crimes, and make his peace above.
I must retire—but O be merciful! [*Exit.*

Car. And could ambition thus defile thy soul,
Once brave Alberto! could the tinsel train
Of servile courtiers, or the bauble crown,
Allure thy spirit to so damn'd a deed?

O man! how weak is all thy boasted virtue!
When strong temptation urges thee to wrong;
Nay, since my once-lov'd friend is sunk thus low,
I of myself am void of confidence.
Yet here I tear all friendship from my breast,
And pledge myself to vindicate the wrongs
Of lov'd Theresa—yes, my sword shall pierce
The unrelenting traitor's coward heart.

Enter ALBERTO.

Alb. My noble friend! it is to thee I come
To ease my throbbing breast, and share thy woes!
So shall soft sympathy, perhaps, beguile
The grief that knows no cure; how, how is this?
Methinks with vengeful brow, and fierce disdain,
Thou look'st reproaches on me. Righteous Heaven!
I recollect me now, his brain's disturb'd. [*Aside.*
O call me to thy mind, illustrious Carlo!
I am Alberto, who has fought beside thee.

Car. Do not, Alberto! calm thy guilty fears
With supposition that my reason errs;
It err'd alone, when I conceiv'd thee just,
Friendly and honourable; but it knows thee now,
A soul-contracted hypocrite, and a villain.

Alb. Alas! poor youth, he thinks not what he says,
Lost in a labyrinth of mingled woe.
Subdue thy rage, my best-beloved Carlo!

Nor wound my ears with such afflictive sounds
Of vile upbraidings, and discordant frenzy.

Car. Attend my words,—when first my soul receiv'd
The dreadful tidings of Theresa's death;
As right I deem'd, by treachery procur'd;
Convulsive nature own'd a sudden weakness;
And sunk beneath a momentary madness;
But now I know myself; thee too I know,
I know thee for a low ambitious coward,
False to thy friend, thy country, and thy sister,
A traitor every way, and, more, a murderer.

Alb. No further tempt my moderation, Carlo!
Nor cast such false indignities upon me:
Lest I, forgetful of all tender ties,
Should scorn the social bonds of host and friend,
And punish thee for such unjust suspicion.
I am no traitor, and no coward I.

Car. Say, was it noble, generous and brave,
To steal, at midnight, with a ruffian's step,
And bathe thy hangman's hands in innocent blood?
Was it a brother's love, a soldier's pride,
That urg'd the deed? 'twas damnable ambition;
Which bade thy shameless spirit wish to reign.
Go, reign a slave, and be thy state thy curse.
But first I dare thee draw thy tarnish'd sword
In vile support of crime, while I will come
Arm'd with the fury of despairing love,
And rage of injur'd friendship to the combat.

Alb. Then be it so, I shall not wish to fail thee.——
Car. Name thou some hour and place of solitude,
Sacred to gloomy death, and grim revenge,
Fit for the solemn conflict; there to prove
If infamy, or justice, shall prevail.
I once did love thee well, that time is o'er,
And now I call thee forth with deadly hate;
For be assured, or thou, or I must fall.
Then if to me the victory belong,
Theresa from her bless'd abode shall smile.
Alb. 'Tis like she may; and let me add, I praise
Thy val'rous bearing as a soldier should.
Nor will I shrink thro' consciousness of crime,
Or dread of all thy haughty menaces.——
Near to the ivy-crowned mausoleum
Of Milan's royal race, where wither now
The beauties of Theresa, is a spot
That suits our purpose well; I'll there confront thee.
'Tis just without the gates, and soon as e'er
The sickly moon shall raise her blunted horns
Above th' horizon, and around be heard
The far wolf's famish'd howlings, that awake
The flitting screech-owl's melancholy cry,
There shall thy wish'd-for triumph be complete.
Car. Till then, a short adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Moonlight. The Mausoleum of the Dukes of Milan.

Enter CLOTILDA.

Clot. O how congenial to my gloomy soul
Are these dumb horrors! hide thy lucid face,
Thou melancholy moon! for sure thou throw'st
With too much luxury thy glitt'ring beams,
T' adorn this mould'ring mansion of the dead.——
O rather rise, ye rending hurricanes!
Loaded with lamentation, and despair,
And sooth my ear with desolating song.
Such is the musick I require, to breathe
In solemn unison with my dark designs;
And ye, unconscious relicts! that repose
In silent satire of magnificence,
That free from human cares, and wild desires,
Own the relentless tyrant's putrid sway,
All hail! I come to rouze your dull abode
With busy crime! And thou, Theresa's shade!
Let me appease thee now, for here I wait
To slay the base destroyer, and to place
Thy murder'd murderer beside thy corse.
Methinks the victim lingers! haste, Arnaldi!
Receive thy recompense, for lo! the end

[Puts her Hand upon a Dagger.

Of all thy expectations meets thee here.
Yonder he comes, I hear his eager step——
O let me steel my bosom to its purpose!

Enter ARNALDI.

Arn. Obedient to thy wish, behold me here;
But tell me why thou didst appoint a time
When all the virtuous court the arms of sleep,
And mischief wanders forth? why this drear scene,
Where silence watches the remains of death?
It is most strange. Alas! my mind forebodes
Some overhanging evil: Speak, Clotilda!

Clot. Hear then, Theresa in this tomb reposes;
A few hours past interr'd; for so I order'd;
Lest by delay might be incurr'd some danger.——
Now, in the hurry of the time, with her
The richest diamond of the state was buried;
Which sparkled on her finger; that t' obtain,
I pray'd thy presence here; afraid to explore
Alone, the darksome vault of grisly Death.
Then guide my steps, Arnaldi! and protect me
From apprehension of creative terror;
So shall the jewel in reward be thine.
Here, take the key, and wrench the iron bolt
That holds in bondage vile the race of Milan.

Arn. 'Tis well that I, the minister of death,
Should from the dead receive my just reward.

Thou dreary chamber! ope thy hungry jaws,

[He unlocks the Sepulchre.

And let the living enter;—Ha! see there,
Yon glimm'ring lamp a paly lustre sheds
On cold Theresa's cheek; outstretch'd she lies
In deep repose I gave;—within my breast,
Ten thousand horrors dwell, and sad remorse
Sits thron'd a tyrant—mark, in awful range,
The sov'reign house of far-renowned Milan,
Lie side by side in social nothingness.
And, lo! Theresa! still she seems to reign
O'er the dull kingdom of relentless death;
Herself the bridal partner of his sway.
I cannot enter, for my trembling knees
Forget their office, and unusual dread
Hangs on my spirits—forward, brave Clotilda!
And tear the glowing jewel from her hand,
While I await thee here.

Clot. Dost thou, inur'd to crimes of blackest dye,
School'd in all villany, and lost to shame,
Presume to shudder now, and hesitate,
Like a young maiden, o'er her lover's grave?
Come on then, boldly—when I lead the way,
Thou sure may'st follow. Hark! I hear the steps
Of some approaching, let us quick retire
From curious observation.

[They go into the Mausoleum, and shut the Gates.

Enter ALBERTO *and* CARLO.

Alb. This is the sepulchre where sleeps Theresa,
And her illustrious ancestors; and here,
If chance thy arm should vindicate her wrongs,
I too shall rest.——

Car. Draw, draw thy sword, nor work upon my friendship,
But be the noble youth my love once spoke thee,
Ere thou hadst lost thyself, and kill'd Theresa.

Alb. I scorn to talk of innocence to thee,
Since that thou know'st me not; yet much I mourn
The deep regret, and anguish thou prepar'st thee.

Car. War not with words, Alberto! I depise
Such mean, unmanly murm'rings; draw thy sword,—
Theresa's injuries rising to my thought,
Inflame my rage, and shall direct my blade
To the curst bosom of her base destroyer.

[They fight, ALBERTO throws himself upon the Sword of CARLO, and falls.

Alb. Thanks to thy sword, my Carlo! it is done,
And I no longer shall offend thy sight,
Nor suffer thy upbraidings;—yet 'tis strange,
In youth's gay prime to close the languid eye
Upon the splendid picture of the world,
And break each fond attachment: but, farewel!

The various interests of active life,
The social intercourse of friendly men,
And glory's luring charms, all, all farewel!
I now must be a banquet for the worm.

Car. Why didst thou throw thee on my sword
Without a contest? didst thou wish to die,
And spare thy once lov'd friend? But O! forgive
The vengeful stroke, that robs thee of thy life,
And leaves me to despair; so gracious Heaven
May pardon thee the murder of Theresa.
Yet while thou canst, confess the fatal deed
For which I pierc'd thy bosom, so shall I
Better compose my mind,—thou die the better.

Alb. Suppose me guilty, Carlo! of the act
For which I die, lest grief, and sad remorse,
Prey on thy youthful days: I love thee well,
And wish thee happy, and may Heaven bestow
Mercy on me, as freely I forgive thee.
Thou'st acted nobly, Carlo! as became thee!
And if thou e'er shouldst think that thou hast err'd,
Remember, error is the lot of man.
I bleed apace, and visionary forms
Crowd o'er my senses,—I must pause awhile.

Car. Spare me, ye minist'ring pow'rs
Of Heaven's high vengeance! rather, rather crush me—
He's innocent! O mark his dying brow,
Free from all symptom of disturbing guilt;

Yes, he is innocent, and I myself
Am the dark-minded monster, and the murderer.

[A shriek is heard in the Mausoleum, which opens, and CLOTILDA is seen retiring from THERESA, who advances in her sepulchral robe. CARLO starts, and ALBERTO raises himself in amazement.

Clot. O glare not on me thus, thine eye's reproach
Is worse than hell——I cannot bear thy sight.
Tho' torments wait me at the hour of death,
Yet, while I live, thou hast no pow'r to punish.

Ther. Where am I! do I live! what means this scene
Of desolation, sepulchres, and death?
There's one does bleed near the cold couch I left,
And here's another.

Car. It is herself! it is the beauteous maid
Who lives and speaks! O welcome from the tomb
To thy own Carlo's arms, who hither comes
To screen thee ever from a brother's rage.

Ther. My thoughts return, tho' wav'ring reason hangs
In wild uncertainty on all I see,
And all I hear,—but, thus let me enfold
The youth I love—yet 'twas no brother's rage
That drove me to the tomb; it was Clotilda
Sent the dull cup Arnaldi's hand presented,
And which I drank in part, but pour'd aside
The remnant unobserv'd; since then I've slept.

Car. Now malice thou'rt content—my sum of ill

Cannot be greater, nor my punishment
Exceed my just deserving——O Alberto!

Clot. A curse attend thy parted soul, Arnaldi!
For inattention; all had been secure
If she had drank the calming bev'rage up.
But I have had my premature revenge;
Yonder Arnaldi lies; 'twas I that kill'd him.
Why did I come to ope thy prison gates,
Abhorr'd Theresa? else thou'dst surely perish'd.
Ye furies fierce, who bathe your snaky locks
In liquid flame! Clotilda is your own.

Ther. O! do not rave thus bitterly!
I will forgive thee all; nor shall revenge
Tempt aught against thy life or thy repose.

Clot. Curse on thy mimic moderation,
Thy shallow virtues, and offensive goodness.
I hate thy clemency, thy pardon scorn,
And fly from such humanity to hell.

[Stabs herself and falls.

What have we here? Alberto slain! 'tis he!

[Seeing Alberto.

This must be Carlo's deed—I triumph now.
Gentle Theresa! view this bleeding youth,
Who lov'd thee tenderly; I die reveng'd. Oh!

[Dies.

Ther. What say'st thou, does my dear Alberto die?

Car. Inhuman fiend! 'twas thou didst point my sword

[Carlo to Clotilda.

Against his life; yet stay, O stay my friend!

[To Alberto.

And I will wash thy wound with my heart's blood.
Wretch that I was to give implicit faith
To such apparent, shallow artifice.
Is there no fiery bolt of righteous Heaven
To end my woes, and save me from distraction?

Ther. Did Carlo wound thy gen'rous breast, Alberto!
[Kneeling.
Then must each hope of future happiness
Fade in the blossom. Therefore will I seek
Some holy monastery's lone retreat,
And pour at early dawn the fervent hymn
For thy dear soul's repose—and all night long
Will I solicit mercy for my Carlo!
Yet, yet thine eye has lustre, thou hast breath,
Could'st thou but live, this were a world of joy!

Alb. The hand of death weighs pond'rous at my heart,
And life's vain dream is o'er; yet, ere I go,
O hear me and assent. Theresa, Carlo!
I pray you check your tears, and promise me,
That you will wed——'Tis true, indeed, my friend!
Thou gav'st the stroke, but it was I that sought it.
Thou, like an honourable prince, defy'dst me,
T'avenge th' imagin'd murder; I too proud
To pause, explain, or lead thee from thy error,
Treated accommodation with disdain,
But rush'd upon thy sword to prove my truth.
O! then, Theresa! here accept thy husband,
If that thou would'st my spirit should have peace.

Car. It is too much!

Ther. I will accept him at thy hand, Alberto!
And cherish love amidst eternal sorrow.

Alb. And wilt thou! Carlo! wilt thou take this maid?

Car. Yes; I receive this offer'd excellence
With gratitude, and mingled admiration
Of more than human greatness. O! Theresa!
Here let me hold thee, till my life shall end,
With sad contrition for my past offence.——
Tumultuous grief returns, I scarce can utter.
Once more thy pardon, noble-minded friend!

Alb. Name it not, Carlo! for no dark resentment
Glooms my calm breast; it was a deed of chance,
And mutual hastiness. My blessing on you—
Long may you reign in peace, and each new day
Greet you with happiness! But, for Clotilda, O
Pity! nay more, forgive her, Royal Pair!
Implore Heaven's mercy on her guilty soul,
And strive by frequent pray'r to melt its justice,——
'Tis all I ask—nor is it pain to die. [*Dies.*

END OF VOL. I.

ERRATA.

Page 14, line 3, for "admired," read "*adored.*"
—— 26, line 3, for "binds," read "*bind'st.*"
—— 41, line 3, from the bottom, for "teach," read "*reach.*"
—— 80, line 4, for "or," read "*of.*"
——102, line 3, for "kindled," read "*kindled'st.*"
——111, line 3, for "allay," read "*alloy.*"